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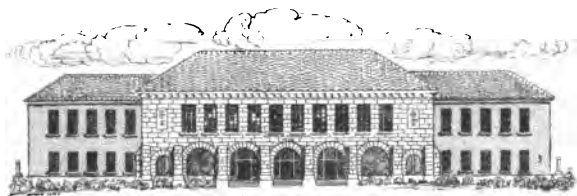
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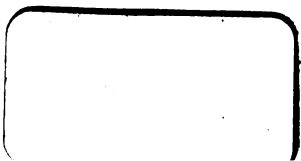


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THE
SILVER-BURDETT READERS

Fifth Book

BY

ELLA M. POWERS

AND

THOMAS M. BALLIET

DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY, NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY, FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF
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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this Fifth Book of the series, the chief aim has been to introduce the pupil to English literature, both American and British, by selecting such portions of it as are within the comprehension of pupils of the upper grammar grades in public schools. Much space has been given to American writers, with special care to select those who are representative of different parts of the country. The extracts have been made of sufficient length to develop a sustained interest, and to arouse a desire to read some of the entire works of which they form a part. The short selections, although by different authors, are so grouped, wherever possible, as to form an integral part of the thought or sentiment of the longer ones which they immediately follow.

It is believed that the portraits of the authors and brief sketches of their lives, given in connection with each of the longer selections, will materially add to the value of the book and will serve to arouse a deeper interest in these authors and their writings.

This book, like the Fourth Book, is the result of the examination of fully a thousand volumes and the reading of hundreds of pages. The transcription has been made

from the author's own works, and in adapting the material to the purposes of this book care has been exercised not to change the language of the original; omissions within the text are indicated in the usual way.

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The editors desire also to make grateful acknowledgment of their indebtedness to President Theodore Roosevelt, Charles W. Eliot, George Cary Eggleston, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Henry van Dyke, Ainsworth R. Spofford, and John Burroughs, for permission to use extracts from their published works.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Act of Declaration, The	<i>Richard S. Storrs</i> 108
Action	<i>John Pendleton Kennedy</i> 191
Adams and Jefferson	<i>William Wirt</i> 323
Address at Gettysburg, The	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 264
Address to the Army	<i>George Washington</i> 79
Adventure with Grizzly Bears, An	<i>John S. C. Abbott</i> 123
American Indian, The	<i>Thomas Jefferson</i> 38
Ascent of the Jungfrau.	<i>John Tyndall</i> 180
Attack of a Wild Boar, The	<i>Alfred J. Church</i> 211
Autumn in the Glacier Meadows	<i>John Muir</i> 105
Bedtime in Midwinter	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> 178
Bivouac of the Dead, The	<i>Theodore O'Hara</i> 83
Blade of Grass, A	<i>John Ruskin</i> 120
Boyhood of Horace Greeley	<i>James Parton</i> 309
Boys' Visit to the Dooocot Caves, The	<i>Hugh Miller</i> 157
Capturing a Condor	<i>Mayne Reid</i> 66
Chambered Nautilus, The	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 33
Character	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> 319
Character of Garfield, The	<i>William McKinley</i> 291
Character of Queen Elizabeth	<i>David Hume</i> 81
Christmas	"George Eliot" 352
Christmas Day in Georgia, A	<i>Henry Woodfin Grady</i> 167
Christmas Revels in England	<i>Washington Irving</i> 89
Coliseum, The	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 11
Coming of Freedom, The	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 42
Coriolanus	<i>Livy</i> 350
Dandelions, The	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 170
Death of Paul Dombey, The	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 13
Departure of Summer, The	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 345
Deserted Village, The	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 94

	PAGE
Duties	Charles Lamb 32
Dying in Harness	John Boyle O'Reilly 287
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, An	Edward Bulwer Lytton 70
Escape, The	Walter Scott 112
Evil Talk	Joseph Addison 239
Eye and the Ear, The	Charles W. Eliot 261
Fairy's Song, The	William Shakespeare 171
Faithful Greyhound, The	William Wordsworth 298
Fate	Bret Harte 252
First Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor, The.	<i>The Arabian Nights</i> 365
Floating	Alexander Smith 302
Footpath, The	John Burroughs 207
Forms of Animals	Edmund Burke 314
Fortune of the Republic, The	Ralph Waldo Emerson 348
Four Things	Henry van Dyke 265
Freeman's Vote, The	John Pierpont 28
French Peasant Girl, A	William Makepeace Thackeray 280
Future of our Country, The	Edward Everett 29
Gilbert Potter and his Horse	Bayard Taylor 272
God in the Universe	Alexander Pope 164
Grant and Lee at Appomattox	John B. Gordon 249
Great Truths and Great Souls	James Russell Lowell 220
Greece	George Gordon Noël Byron 155
Health	Hamilton Wright Mabie 168
Highland Snowstorm, A	John Wilson 373
Home in Old Virginia, A	Thomas Nelson Page 58
Home-Thoughts from Abroad	Robert Browning 61
Horatius	Thomas Babington Macaulay 143
Horatius at the Bridge	Livy 253
Hunting the Hippopotamus	Paul du Chaillu 96
Hurricane at Sea, A	Edgar Allan Poe 223
If All the Skies	Henry van Dyke 204
Incident of the French Camp	Robert Browning 62
Indian Chief, An	William Gilmore Simms 317
Indian Singer, The	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 20
Invocation to Mirth	John Milton 184
Joan of Arc	Thomas De Quincey 294

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
King, The	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 84
Knave and the Staff, The	<i>Cervantes</i> 357
Labor	<i>Frances S. Osgood</i> 290
Leigh Hunt at Home	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 244
Lucy Gray: or Solitude	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 342
Mercenary Fighters	<i>William Pitt</i> 76
Mercy	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 316
Midnight Sun, The	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 241
Mocking Bird, The	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> 44
Music	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 205
Niagara	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 171
On Conviction of High Treason	<i>Robert Emmet</i> 218
One Good Deed	<i>F. W. Bourdillon</i> 19
Our Country	<i>Edna Dean Proctor</i> 237
Our Duties to our Country	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 238
Paulette and her Gift	<i>Émile Souvestre</i> 134
Pioneers	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 362
Pliny and the Volcano	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 269
Power of the Home, The	<i>Henry Woodfin Grady</i> 255
Press On	<i>N. P. Willis</i> 119
Printer-boy, The	<i>George Bancroft</i> 139
Prisoner of the Bastille, A	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 192
Reality of Life, The	<i>William Ewart Gladstone</i> 320
Recessional	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 221
Restored Union, The	<i>Henry Woodfin Grady</i> 86
Return of Columbus to Spain, The	<i>William H. Prescott</i> 35
Return of the Refugees, The	<i>Patrick Henry</i> 340
River, The	<i>Paul Hamilton Hayne</i> 188
Rock and the Candle, The	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 381
Rules of Behavior	<i>George Washington</i> 55
Salutation to Veterans	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 100
Saved from the Sea	<i>Edwin Arnold</i> 115
Seventy-six	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 247
Shipwreck of Ulysses, The	<i>Homer</i> 229
Shipwrecked Mariner, The	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 131
Silas Marner and the Baby	"George Eliot" 23
Skating in Holland	<i>Edmondo de Amicis</i> 128

	PAGE
Snowstorm, The	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 307
Song of the Chattahoochee	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 165
Spartan Three Hundred, The	<i>Herodotus</i> 146
Spartans' March, The	<i>Felicia Dorothea Hemans</i> 153
State, A	<i>Sir William Jones</i> 268
Story of the Wood, The	<i>Frank L. Stanton</i> 126
Summer Day, A	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 174
Sunset in Greece	<i>George Gordon Noël Byron</i> 236
Sunset in the Mountains	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 360
Thanatopsis	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 257
This Country of Ours	<i>Benjamin Harrison</i> 305
Three English Schoolboys	<i>Washington Irving</i> 92
Tide of Knockwinnock Bay, The	<i>Walter Scott</i> 326
To a Skylark	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 354
To an Oriole	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 308
To-day	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 217
To Seneca Lake	<i>James Gates Percival</i> 99
Turtle, The	<i>John James Audubon</i> 186
Twenty-second of February, The	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 64
Two Little Vagrants	<i>Victor Hugo</i> 48
Uses of Books, The	<i>Ainsworth R. Spafford</i> 46
Vindication, A	<i>Henry Clay</i> 266
Voice of the Grass, The	<i>Sarah R. Boyle</i> 122
What has America Done?	<i>Gulian C. Verplanck</i> 300
William McKinley	<i>John Hay</i> 209
Work	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> 289

MEMORY GEMS.

The Bible, 260.
 William Cullen Bryant, 65.
 Lord Byron, 152, 183.
 Thomas Carlyle, 154.
 Ralph Waldo Emerson, 222.
 Henry W. Longfellow, 138.
 Edward Bulwer Lytton, 43.
 Gerald Massey, 380.

Thomas Moore, 78.
 George P. Morris, 104.
 Alexander Pope, 206.
 Walter Scott, 248.
 William W. Story, 297.
 Alfred Tennyson, 353.
 William Wordsworth, 80.

AUTHORS.

- Abbott, John S. C., 123.
Addison, Joseph, 239.
Amicis, Edmondo de, 128.
Arabian Nights, The, 365.
Arnold, Edwin, 115.
Audubon, John James, 186.
Bancroft, George, 139.
Bible, The, 260.
Bourdillon, F. W., 19.
Boyle, Sarah R., 122.
Browning, Robert, 61, 62.
Bryant, William Cullen, 64, 65,
247, 257.
Burke, Edmund, 314.
Burrongs, John, 207.
Byron, George Gordon Noël, 152,
155, 183, 236.
Carlyle, Thomas, 154, 289.
Cervantes, 357.
Church, Alfred J., 211.
Clay, Henry, 266.
Coleridge, S. T., 319.
Coue, Helen Gray, 170.
De Quincey, Thomas, 294.
Dickens, Charles, 11, 13, 171, 192.
Du Chaillu, Paul, 96.
Eliot, Charles W., 261.
"Eliot, George," 23, 352.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 222, 307,
348.
Emmet, Robert, 218.
Everett, Edward, 29.
Fawcett, Edgar, 308.
Gladstone, William Ewart, 320.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 94.
Gordon, John B., 249.
Grady, Henry Woodfin, 86, 167,
255.
Harrison, Benjamin, 305.
Harte, Bret, 252.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 244.
Hay, John, 209.
Hayne, Paul Hamilton, 188.
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, 153.
Henry, Patrick, 340.
Herodotus, 146.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 33.
Homer, 229.
Hood, Thomas, 345.
Hugo, Victor, 48.
Hume, David, 81.
Ingelow, Jean, 381.
Irving, Washington, 89, 92.
Jefferson, Thomas, 38.
Jones, Sir William, 268.
Kennedy, John Pendleton, 191.
Kingsley, Charles, 269.
Kipling, Rudyard, 221.
Lamb, Charles, 32.
Lanier, Sidney, 165.
Lincoln, Abraham, 264.
Livius, Titus (Livy), 253, 350.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 20, 138.
 Lowell, James Russell, 42, 220.
 Lytton, Edward Bulwer, 43, 70.
 Mabie, Hamilton Wright, 168.
 Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 143.
 Massey, Gerald, 380.
 McKinley, William, 291.
 Miller, Hugh, 157.
 Milton, John, 184.
 Mitchell, Donald G., 174.
 Moore, Thomas, 78.
 Morris, George P., 104.
 Muir, John, 105.
 O'Hara, Theodore, 83.
 O'Reilly, John Boyle, 287.
 Osgood, Frances S., 290.
 Page, Thomas Nelson, 58.
 Parton, James, 309.
 Percival, James Gates, 99.
 Pierpont, John, 28.
 Pitt, William, 76.
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 223.
 Pope, Alexander, 164, 206.
 Prescott, William Hickling, 35.
 Proctor, Edna Dean, 237.
 Reid, Mayne, 66.
 Riley, James Whitcomb, 84.
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 44.
 Ruskin, John, 120.
 Scott, Walter, 112, 248, 326.
 Shakespeare, William, 171, 205, 316.
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 354.
 Simms, William Gilmore, 317.
 Smith, Alexander, 302.
 Souvestre, Émile, 134.
 Spofford, Ainsworth R., 46.
 Stanton, Frank L., 126.
 Storrs, Richard S., 108.
 Story, William W., 297.
 Taylor, Bayard, 241, 272.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 131, 353.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace, 280.
 Timrod, Henry, 217.
 Tyndall, John, 180.
 Van Dyke, Henry, 204, 265.
 Verplanck, Gulian C., 300.
 Washington, George, 55, 79.
 Webster, Daniel, 100, 233.
 Whitman, Walt, 362.
 Whittier, John Greenleaf, 178.
 Willis, N. P., 119.
 Wilson, John, 373.
 Wirt, William, 323.
 Wordsworth, William, 80, 298, 342, 360.

FIFTH READER.

THE COLISEUM.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812. His early childhood was oppressed by poverty and continuous toil. At length the bright boy was sent to an academy, where he studied during three or four years. In his seventeenth year he taught himself the art of shorthand reporting. The prosecution of this work took him to various parts of England. While thus engaged he undertook the writing of stories. In the year 1836 the serial publication of the "Pickwick Papers" was begun. This work gave the author instant celebrity, and his success was assured. From that time until his death he produced a new book nearly every year. He visited America in 1842 and again in 1868. Here and in England he gave delightful readings from his own works. His books abound in pathos and humor. He had keen eyes and sharp rebukes for public injustice and private wrongs.

He died at his home near Rochester, England, June 6, 1870.



When we came out of the church, we said to the coachman, "Go to the Coliseum." In a quarter of an hour or so he stopped at the gate, and we went in.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest truth, to

say — so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour — that, for a moment, actually in passing in, they who will may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces, staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust, going on there, as no language can describe.

Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation strike upon the stranger, the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit, chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the center; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion fallen down and gone; — is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod.

It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked: a ruin.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Little Dombey had not risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night.

Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the River, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day.

His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it, — to stem its tide with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and, leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When the day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself — pictured! he saw — the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling as fast as ever), and the country bright with dew.

Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the

day, the noise of carriages and carts and people passing and re-passing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But she could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!"

They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline, the while she lay beside him, — bending forward often to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near, that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. — Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

The people round him changed unaccountably, and what had been the Doctor would be his father, sitting with his head leaning on his hand. This figure, with its head leaning on its hand, returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real.

"Floy! What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! At the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up his head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:—

“My own boy! Don’t you know me?”

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned quickly from the little bed and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

“Don’t be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!”

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in the room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, “Don’t be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!” This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning, that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, and how many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and

her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

“Floy, did I ever see mamma?”

“No, darling; why?”

“Did I never see any kind face, like mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?”

“Oh, yes, dear!”

“Whose, Floy?”

“Your old nurse’s. Often.”

“And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!”

“She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.”

“Thank you, Floy!”

Little Dombey closed his eyes at these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke, — woke mind and body — and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“And who is this? Is this my old nurse?” asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed

those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

“Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don’t go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-by!”

“Good-by, my child?” cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed’s head. “Not good-by?”

“Ah, yes! Good-by!—Where’s my papa?”

His father’s breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried “Good-by!” again.

“Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you.”

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.

“How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it’s very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!”

Presently he told her that the motion of the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

He put his hands together as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind his sister's neck.

“Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the picture on the stairs is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!”

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death!

Oh, thank GOD, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

ONE GOOD DEED.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE INDIAN SINGER.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. His childhood was fortunate and happy. After his graduation at Bowdoin College he passed several studious years in Europe. On his return to America he became a professor at Bowdoin. In 1836 he became connected with Harvard University, and for many years was professor of modern languages at that institution. Between 1836 and 1880 he published numerous volumes of poems and three books of prose. The melody of his verse is unsurpassed by that of any American writer.

He died at his home in Cambridge, March 24, 1882.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it ;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,

Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.
Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him ;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the robin, the Opeechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened,
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SILAS MARNER AND THE BABY.

MARIAN EVANS, at the beginning of her literary career, adopted the pen-name "George Eliot," and under that signature all of her writings were published. Miss Evans was born near Nuneaton, England, Nov. 22, 1819. From the age of five to that of thirteen she attended school. After that she was taught by special instructors in German, Italian, and music. Of the art of music she was passionately fond. In the year 1851 she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. Her first highly successful book was the novel, "Adam Bede." This was followed by a number of important works of fiction, a volume



of miscellaneous essays, and the "Spanish Gypsy," a poem. Her work in fiction places her in the front rank of novelists.

She was married to Mr. John Cross, May 6, 1880. Her death occurred Dec. 22, of that year.

[A lonely English weaver has found near his home an infant girl deserted by the mother. He has adopted the child for his own.]

By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration.

Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little now and then, — it was not to be done.

“To be sure, there’s another thing you might do, Master Marner,” added Dolly, meditatively: “you might shut her up once in the coal-hole. That was what I did with Aaron; for I was so silly with the youngest lad I could never bear to smack him. Not that I could find it in my heart to let him stay in the coal-hole more than a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so that he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him — that was. But I put it upon your conscience, Master Marner, there’s one you must choose — either smacking or the coal-hole — else she’ll get so masterful, there’ll be no holding her.”

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but the force of his mind failed before the only two methods open to him; not only because it was painful to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment’s contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it.

Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her

waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been carefully kept out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect.

Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of the weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact.

She had no distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit.

Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? — There was one hope — that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he habitually took her to stroll.

But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached.

The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not till he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, "and make her remember."

"Naughty, naughty Eppie!" he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes — "naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go in the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty.

Seeing that he must proceed to extremities he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie'll never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this

morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on ; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future — though perhaps it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again ; and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening her for the rest of the morning.

He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, “Eppie in de toal-hole !”

“GEORGE ELIOT.”

THE FREEMAN'S VOTE.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod ;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God ;
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you, — 'tis the ballot box.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794. At the age of seventeen he graduated at Harvard University. After a course of theological study he entered the ministry. In 1815 he became professor of Greek at Harvard University. In 1824 he was a member of Congress. He was four times governor of Massachusetts, four years minister to Great Britain, and three years president of Harvard. He was a great orator. His oration on George Washington did much to promote the building of the national monument at the capital of our country. He died Jan. 15, 1865.



Friends and Fellow-citizens: We live at an eventful period. Mighty changes in human affairs are of daily occurrence at home and abroad. In Europe the strongest governments are shaken; the pillars of tradition, rooted in the depths of antiquity, are heaved from their basis; and that fearful war of opinion, so long foretold, is raging, with various fortune, from Lisbon to Archangel.

Have you not noticed that in the midst of the perplexity and dismay, of the visions and the hopes of the crisis, the thoughts of men have been turned more and more to what had passed and what is passing in America? They are looking anxiously to us for lessons of practical freedom, for the solution of that great mystery of state, that the strongest

government is that which, with the least array of force, is deepest seated in the welfare and affection of the people.

The friends of republican government in France, taunted with the impossibility of making such a government efficient and respectable, point to our example as the sufficient answer. Austria, breaking down beneath the burden of her warring races, offers them too late a federal constitution modeled on our own; and even in England, from which the original elements of our free institutions were derived, scarce a debate arises in Parliament, on an important question, without reference to the experience of the United States.

The constitutional worship of mankind is reversed; they turn their faces to the West. Happy for them, happy for us, should they behold naught in this country to disappoint the hopes of progress, to discourage the friends of freedom, to strengthen the arm of the oppressor; and may God grant that those who look to us for guidance and encouragement may be able to transplant the germs of constitutional liberty to the ancient gardens of the earth, that the clouds which now darken the horizon of Europe may clear away, and the long-deferred hopes of the friends of freedom be fulfilled!

But chiefly let us trust that the principles of our fathers may more and more prevail throughout our beloved country. . . . O that the contemplation of

their bright example and pure fame might elevate our minds above the selfish passions, the fierce contentions, and the dark forebodings of the day! We need the spirit of '75 to guide us safely amidst the dizzy activities of the times.

While our own numbers are increasing in an unexampled ratio, Europe is pouring in upon us her hundreds of thousands annually, and new regions are added to our domain, which we are obliged to count by degrees of latitude and longitude. In the meantime, the most wonderful discoveries of art, and the most mysterious powers of nature, combine to give an almost fearful increase to the intensity of our existence.

Machines of unexampled complication and ingenuity have been applied to the whole range of human industry. We rush across the land and the sea by steam; we correspond by magnetism; we paint by the solar ray; we count the beats of the electric clock at the distance of a thousand miles; we do all but annihilate time and distance; and amidst all the new agencies of communication and action, the omnipotent press, the great engine of modern progress, not superseded or impaired, but gathering new power from all the arts, is daily clothing itself with louder thunders.

While we contemplate with admiration — almost with awe — the mighty influences which surround us, and which demand our coöperation and our guidance,

let our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance.

Let us strive to furnish ourselves, from the storehouse of their example, with the principles and virtues which will strengthen us for the performance of an honored part on this illustrious stage. Let pure patriotism add its bond to the bars of iron which are binding the continent together; and as intelligence shoots with the electric spark from ocean to ocean, let public spirit and love of country catch from heart to heart.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[From an oration delivered at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1850.]

DUTIES.

Our duties are to do good, expecting nothing again; to bear with contrary dispositions; to be candid and forgiving, not to crave and long after a communication of sentiment and feeling, but rather to avoid dwelling upon those feelings, however good, because they are our own. A man may be intemperate and selfish who indulges in *good feelings* for the mere pleasure they give him. . . . Friends fall off, friends mistake us, they change, they grow unlike us, they go away, they die; but God is everlasting and incapable of change, and to Him we may look with cheerful, unpresumptuous hope, while we discharge the duties of life.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Aug. 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard University in 1829. Having adopted the medical profession, he became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, and, later, at Harvard. While yet a student he wrote verse with a facile pen. Between the years 1836 and 1888 he published five volumes of poems, and several prose works, among which were three novels. Perhaps the charming Breakfast Table series are, of all his books, the most widely read. But he was loved of the Muses, and many of his poems are as familiar as household words.

He died in Boston, Oct. 7, 1894.



This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He studied at Harvard University. There it happened that a bit of bread thrown in sport blinded his left eye and weakened the right one. He had intended to practice law, but this purpose was abandoned, and after a period of European travel he devoted himself to literature. With steadfast determination, in spite of tremendous difficulties, he produced several historical works that rank among the best in our language.

Leaving a historical work uncompleted, he died in New York, Jan. 28, 1859.



Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition,

they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned.

He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy,

populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers attendant on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank and fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.



THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743. His classical education was completed at the College of William and Mary. In 1762 he was admitted to the practice of the law, and in this he soon became eminently successful. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress of 1776. The original draft of the Declaration of Independence was written by him. In 1785 he was appointed minister to France; in 1789 he became Secretary of State under Washington. In 1800 he was chosen President of the United States, and in 1804 he was reelected

by a great popular majority. After his retirement, he devoted his remaining years to the interests of education and to other good works.

He died at his home of Monticello, July 4, 1826.

The present selection is taken from his "Notes on Virginia."

Of the Indian of North America I can speak somewhat from my own knowledge, but more from the information of others better acquainted with him, and on whose truth and judgment I can rely. From these sources I am able to say that he is brave when an enterprise depends on bravery, — education, with him, making the point of honor consist in the destruction of an enemy by stratagem, and in the preservation of his own person free from injury: or perhaps this is his nature, while it is education which teaches us to honor force more than finesse; that he will

defend himself against a host of enemies, always choosing to be killed rather than to surrender, though it be to the whites, whom he knows will treat him well.

It is also said that in other situations he meets death with more deliberation, and endures tortures with a firmness unknown almost to religious enthusiasm with us; that he is affectionate to his children, careful of them, and indulgent in the extreme; that his affections comprehend his other connections, weakening, as with us, from circle to circle, as they recede from the center; that his friendships are strong and faithful to the uttermost extremity; that his sensibility is keen, even the warriors weeping most bitterly on the loss of their children, though in general they endeavor to appear superior to human events; that his vivacity and activity of mind is equal to ours in the same situation: hence his eagerness for hunting and for games of chance.

The women are submitted to unjust drudgery. This, I believe, is the case with every barbarous people. With such, force is law. The stronger sex therefore imposes on the weaker. It is civilization alone which replaces women in the enjoyment of their natural equality. . . . The principles of their society forbidding all compulsion, they are led to duty and enterprise by personal influence and persuasion. Hence eloquence in council, bravery and success in war, become the foundations of all consequences with them. . . .

Of their bravery and address in war we have multiplied proofs, because we have been the subjects on which these were exercised. Of their eminence in oratory we have fewer examples, because it is displayed chiefly in their own councils. Some, however, we have of very superior luster. I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, — if Europe has furnished any more eminent, — to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to Lord Dunmore, when governor of this state.¹ And as a testimony of their talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, first stating the incidents necessary for understanding it.

In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians on certain land adventurers on the river Ohio. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap and a certain Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, traveling and hunting parties of Indians having their women and children with them, and murdered many.

Among these was the unfortunate family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and war, and long distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the

¹ Virginia.

autumn of that year a decisive battle was fought. . . . The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the sup- pliants. But lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore: —

“I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of white men.’ I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? — Not one.”

[Abridgment.]

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE COMING OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD, 1775-1875.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Feb. 22, 1819. In his childhood and early youth he grew intimately familiar with Nature and with books. He graduated at Harvard University in 1838. His first volume was published in 1841. This was followed, in a long series of years, by many admirable works in prose and verse. A lover of freedom and truth, he was at once a vigorous poet, a fine critic, and an ardent scholar. For many years he was a professor at Harvard. In 1877, he was appointed minister to Spain, and subsequently to Great Britain. In these offices he proved himself to be an able statesman.

He died at Cambridge, Aug. 12, 1891.

Break into rapture, my song,
 Verses, leap forth in the sun,
 Bearing the joyance along
 Like a train of fire as ye run !
 Pause not for choosing of words,
 Let them but blossom and sing
 Blithe as the orchards and birds
 With the new coming of spring !

Dance in your jollity, bells ;
 Shout, cannon ; cease not, ye drums ;
 Answer, ye hillsides and dells ;
 Bow, all ye people ! She comes,
 Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
 She hallowed that April day.

Stay with us ! Yes, thou shalt stay,
 Softener and strengthener of men,
 Freedom, not won by the vain,
 Not to be courted in play,
 Not to be kept without pain.
 Stay with us ! Yes, thou wilt stay,
 Handmaid and mistress of all,
 Kindler of deed and of thought,
 Thou that to hut and to hall
 Equal deliverance brought !

Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
 Touch our dull lips with your fire,
 That we may praise without fear
 Her, our delight, our desire,
 Our faith's inextinguishable star,
 Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
 Our present, our past, our to be,
 Who will mingle her life with our dust
 And makes us deserve to be free !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
 The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
 The arch enchanter's wand ! — itself a nothing
 But taking sorcery from the master's hand
 To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
 The loud earth breathless ! Take away the sword —
 States can be saved without it.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THE MOCKING BIRD.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York City, Oct. 27, 1858. He is a graduate of Harvard University. In early manhood he allied himself with the civil-service-reform movement and other reforms. In 1900 he was chosen Vice-President of the United States; and in September, 1901, he became President. In 1904 he was elected President. He has published a number of very interesting books relating to historical themes and to life in the open air. This selection is taken from "The Wilderness Hunter," by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Once I listened to a mocking bird singing the live-long spring night, under the full moon, in a magnolia tree; and I do not think I shall ever forget the song.

It was on the plantation of Major Campbell, in the beautiful, fertile, mid-Tennessee country. The mocking birds were prime favorites on the place, and were given full scope for the development, not only of their bold friendliness toward mankind, but also of that marked individuality and originality in which they so far surpass every other bird as to become the most interesting of all feathered folk. On the evening in question the moon was full. My host kindly assigned me a room of which the windows opened on a great magnolia tree, where, I was told, a mocking bird sang every night and all night long.

I went to my room about ten. The moonlight was

shining in through the open window, and the mocking bird was already in the magnolia.

The great tree was bathed in a flood of shining silver ; I could see each twig, and mark every action of the singer, who was pouring forth such a rapture of ringing melody as I have never listened to before or since.

Sometimes he would perch motionless for many minutes, his body quivering and thrilling with the outpour of his music. Then he would drop softly from twig to twig, until the lowest limb was reached, when he would rise, fluttering and leaping through the branches, his song never ceasing for an instant, until he reached the summit of the tree and launched into the warm, scent-laden air, floating in spirals, with outspread wings, until, as if spent, he sank gently back into the tree and down through the branches, while his song rose into an ecstasy of ardor and passion.

His voice rang like a clarionet, in rich full tones, and his execution covered the widest possible compass ; theme followed theme, a torrent of music, a swelling tide of harmony, in which scarcely two notes were alike.

I stayed till midnight listening to him ; he was singing when I went to sleep ; he was still singing when I woke a couple of hours later ; he sang through the livelong night.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE USES OF BOOKS.



AINSWORTH RAND SPOFFORD was born at Gilmanton, N. H., Sept. 12, 1825. In journalism he began his work. For many years he served as librarian of Congress, with marked ability. He has edited two series of selections from famous authors, and has published "A Book for All Readers: an Aid to Collection, Use, and Preservation of Books and the Formation of Libraries."

When Shakespeare would depict for us the sovereign value of the intelligence which dwells in the world of books, he says: —

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

And elsewhere, when he would describe in a few words a man deficient in understanding—he says, "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties which are bred in a book." Gibbon declared — "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life: — I would not exchange it for the wealth of the Indies." And we remember the lofty panegyric of Wordsworth's sonnet:

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

In the companionship of books we move across the centuries, and mingle with every race and every age.

They bring us acquainted with the fair forms of truth and poetry, and reveal to us the genius and the virtue that have illustrated the annals of mankind.

Good books are among the few real things of life: they are almost the only pleasure in which there is no alloy.

“Some books,” says Petrarch, “teach us how to live, and others how to die.” Through them, the spirits of the dead, not mortal, but immortal, hold free converse with us. Through them, each one of us may become endowed with the storied wisdom of six thousand years.

The world of books is a realm as large as the universe, and its noblest creations take hold on the infinite.

They open to us inexhaustible treasures of learning: they awaken the reason, they kindle the imagination, they cultivate the memory, they refine the taste, they delight us in health, they comfort us in sickness, they enliven the fancy, they quicken the conscience, they purify the soul; they cheer the desponding, they strengthen the weak, they lighten our cares, they soften our griefs, they enhance our joys, they energize and ennoble the mind.

They, and they alone, hold that which is imperishable in man; that which survives centuries, conquers oblivion, and triumphs over the grave.

TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS.



VICTOR HUGO was born in the old fortified French city, Besançon [bəz-
ōn'sōn'], Feb. 26, 1802, the son of a
soldier of the Empire. He was edu-
cated at Paris and Madrid. At the
age of fourteen he wrote a tragedy.
At the age of twenty he published a
book of poems. Even then he had
begun to take an active part in literary
and political movements. He soon
found place at the head of the fiction-
writers called "Romanticists." His
powerful novels appeared in quick
succession. In lyric verse, romantic
fiction, and dramatic writing he ranks
among the greatest writers of his time.

"*Les Misérables*" [lā meez'er ā bl] is accounted his highest triumph in
fiction writing. He died May 22, 1885.

[This extract is used by courtesy of The John C. Winston Company,
Publishers.]

It was a time of insurrection in Paris. On the
afternoon in which the barricade was erected, the
public garden of the Luxembourg lay solitary and
lovely in the light of a June day. Rain had fallen
in the morning, and now the trees and the grass,
dried by the warm sun, glistened with freshness.

The flower beds exhaled sweet odors and beauty
into the light. The sun gilded the brilliant tulips
till they looked like flame made into flowers, and
illuminated the royal whiteness of the tall lilies. In
the sycamores there was a twittering of linnets;
sparrows chirped; woodpeckers crept along the

trunks of the chestnuts, tapping holes in the bark ; and bees hummed round the flower beds.

Besides these, the only forms of life to be seen were two little boys holding each other by the hand, ragged, pale, and having themselves the look of wild birds. The elder led his little brother by the hand with a protecting air, and had a stick in his other hand. The names of these boys were Adolphe and Gustav.

Now and then at intervals, when the wind blew, confused shouts, and an occasional distant rattle, which was musketry, could be heard ; and a bell, which seemed to be summoning, sounded in the distance. The children did not seem to notice the noises, and little Gustav repeated now and then in a low voice, "I am hungry."

How had these children happened to come to this garden, where such ragged little beings are seldom seen ? It was due to the confusion of the time that they were left to walk unmolested in those blossoming alleys. They had spent the previous night in one of the little summer houses there. They had no regular shelter.

The little wanderers made their way toward the great basin in the center of the garden, where the swans swim ; at the same time, two other persons approached from a different direction, — a man leading by the hand a boy six years old, evidently a father with his son. The boy, holding in his

fingers a bitten cake, appeared unable to eat it and uncomfortably overfed.

The father and the son halted near the basin to watch the swans, who were swimming there superbly. The two poor little boys shrunk out of sight behind the swans' house at their approach; but the man saw them, and said, "It is no wonder that there are riots and bad behavior in our city, when such vagabonds as those are permitted to brawl in these gardens. It is an offense to Public Order."

Meanwhile the boy bit the cake, and then began to cry.

"What are you crying for?" asked the father.

"I can't eat my cake; I am not hungry any more," blubbered the boy.

"But you can eat cake without being hungry," said the father, smiling.

"No, I can't. It is too filling."

"Don't you want any more of it?"

"No."

"Then give it to the swans."

The boy hesitated; for though he could not eat his cake, he disliked to give it away.

"Be humane," urged the father; "you ought to have pity on animals." And taking the cake from his son, he threw it into the basin, where it fell rather near the bank. The swans were some distance off, near the middle of the basin, and did not notice the cake. The father, fearing it would be lost, began

making motions which attracted the attention of the great birds. They tacked, and came sailing on slowly, like majestic white ships.

At this moment a sudden breath of wind brought up a fresh alarm of shouting and discharges of musketry.

The father seized the son's hand, crying:—

“Come, let us go home! the alarms are coming this way, and the streets may be unsafe. Come, make haste.”

“I should like to see the swans eat the cake,” said the boy.

“It would be imprudent,” answered the father. And he led his son hastily away.

The moment they disappeared, our two little vagabonds crept toward the edge of the basin, where the cake was floating, at the same time that the swans came sailing up. Adolphe hurriedly lay down on the edge of the basin, and, stretching over the water till he almost fell in, he tried to reach the cake with the stick which he held in his hand. The swans, seeing an enemy about to seize their prey, hastened their stately movements; but their haste was useful to the little fisher.

The water flowed back in front of their broad white breasts, and gently impelled the cake within reach of his rod. The swans were within a few feet, but the boy gave a quick blow, frightened the swans, seized the cake, and got up. The cake was soaking, but

they were both hungry and thirsty. Adolphe divided the cake into two unequal parts, kept the smaller part for himself, and gave the larger to little Gustav.

After a glance around, which showed them nobody in sight, the two little wanderers sat down on the grass to eat their morsels of wet cake. The summer sun warmed them, the soft breeze brought pleasant freshness, and nature gave to the poor little friendless ones a rare feeling of physical content.

"It is nice here," murmured little Gustav. "It is so quiet, and nobody to frighten us."

"Yes," said the elder brother. "I wish we were swans and lived here all the time, and had a house to sleep in, as they have."

"And the keeper to come and feed us every day," added the younger.

"But you are not very hungry now, are you, Gustav?" asked Adolphe.

"Oh, no, not much now," said the little fellow, patiently. "But you did not keep enough for yourself, Dolphy."

"Oh, I am so big, you know, it would be a shame for me to be greedy. Gavroche said so many a time, I know."

"Oh, he knew everything we ought to do; and he was so brave. Do you think, Dolphe, he will come to us again sometime?"

Before the elder brother could answer, a strange event stopped the speech and almost the breathing of

both. A large cake was gently lowered and held before their eyes by some unknown hand. Trembling and fearful, they turned and saw a man behind them; an old man, by his white hair, who leant upon a cane with one hand, while with the other he extended the cake to the children, smiling upon them, meanwhile, with a gentle but sorrowful look of pity. . . .

“Do not be frightened, little ones,” said the old man, in a voice as kind as his looks. “I offer you your supper, do you not see? Take it.”

Adolphe slowly took the offered cake, but remained immovable, staring in the face of the person who had appeared so suddenly.

“Is this your little brother?” asked the old man.

“Yes, sir.”

“And your parents?”

“We have none, sir; or at least we don't know where they are.”

“Where do you live, then?”

“Nowhere, sir; anywhere, I mean.”

The old man slightly struck his stick upon the ground and shook his head as he heard this answer. Then he seated himself upon the bank beside them.

“Come,” he said, “eat your cake, and tell me all about it, while I rest here. How comes it that you do not know where your father and mother are?”

The children, reassured by the kindness of the old man, and especially by the delicious taste of the large and solid cake which he had bestowed upon them,

now breathed freely again. And Adolphe, in answer to his questions, readily told him the little story of their losing friends and home so suddenly, and of the strange boy, their hero, who had sheltered and helped them in their worst time of need.

“And when we find Gavroche again, sir,” concluded Adolphe, “we shall do very well. He promised to show us so many things in the warm-weather time. And when we were the very hungriest, he always managed to find something good for supper.”

“Gavroche!” murmured the old man, who had listened with deep attention and even emotion; “it is that strange boy, then, who has saved these little lives, as he saved an older one than theirs. Surely, in meeting them, Providence gives me a sign that I shall find the lad I have sought for in vain thus far, and pay the debt I owe him.”

He spoke to himself, and remained sunk in thought a little while. Then he turned to the children, stretched his hand to them, and said gently, “Come with me, my children; I, too, know Gavroche and wish to find him. We will look for him, all of us; and to-night I will do as he did, by showing you a roof under which to shelter your heads.”

Adolphe looked up again into the old man’s face; then, without a word, placed a thin little hand in his, and leading his brother with the other, the three left the Luxembourg gardens in company.

VICTOR HUGO.

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born at Bridges Creek, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. His parents were persons of sterling integrity. The boy was frank and healthy, somewhat grave in manner, and possessed unusual self-control. He grew to be a stalwart young man, tall and well-formed. His early occupation as a surveyor took him upon adventurous excursions in the forests. Among the earliest-known examples of his writing is a set of "Rules of Conduct" which he prepared for his own guidance. A number of these rules are here presented.



His public addresses and his official papers are excellent examples of clearness and simplicity. The high nobility of his character, his greatness as a general, and his eminent services as the first president of the United States are universally known.

He died in his home, Mount Vernon, near Alexandria, Virginia, Dec. 14, 1799.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Listen when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company ; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked ; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive ; with men of station, respectful, and by no means inquisitive.

In visiting the sick, do not play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he professes ; it savors of arrogance.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Being about to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time ; in what terms to do it ; and, in reproof, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given ; but afterward, not being culpa-

ble, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave the admonition.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting; and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashions of your equals, and such as are proper with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you are well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, or clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good character, and remember that it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern. . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A HOME IN OLD VIRGINIA.



THOMAS NELSON PAGE was born in Oakland, Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853. He graduated at Washington and Lee University and, as a student of the law, at the University of Virginia. During sixteen years he practiced in Richmond, but more recently he has made literature his profession. His books of fiction, essay, and comment have delighted many readers. In the expression of the negro dialect he is supreme, and all his work is charming. His present residence is Washington, D.C.

The selection here used is taken from "Social Life in Virginia," by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The mansion was a plain "weatherboard" house, one story and a half above the half-basement ground floor, set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories filled in with ash, maples, and feathery-leafed locusts without number. . . . It had quaint dormer windows, with small panes, poking out from its sloping upstairs rooms, and long porches to shelter its walls from the sun and allow house life in the open air. . . .

The life about the place was amazing. There were the busy children playing in groups, the boys of the family mingling with the little darkies.

There they were, stooping down and jumping up; turning and twisting, their heads close together, like

chickens over an "invisible repast," their active bodies always in motion: busy over their little matters with that ceaseless energy of boyhood which could move the world could it but be concentrated and conserved.

They were all over the place: in the orchard robbing birds' nests; getting into wild excitement over catbirds, which they ruthlessly murdered because they "called snakes"; in spring and summer fishing or washing in the creek, riding the plow-horses to and from the fields, running the calves and colts, and being as mischievous as the young mules they chased.

There were the little girls in their great sunbonnets, often sewed on to preserve the wonderful peach-blossom complexions, with their small female companions playing about the yard and garden, running with and wishing they were boys, and getting half-scoldings from mammy for being tomboys and tearing their aprons and dresses.

There, in the shade, near her "house," was the mammy with her assistants, her little charge in her arms, sleeping in her ample lap, or toddling about by her, with broken, half-formed phrases, better understood than framed.

There passed young negro girls, blue-habited, running about bearing messages; or older women moving at a stately pace, doing with deliberation the little tasks which were their "work"; whilst about the office or smokehouse or dairy or woodpile there was always some movement and life.

The peace of it all was only emphasized by the sounds that broke upon it: the call of plowers to their teams; the shrill shouts of children; the chant of women over their work, and as a bass the recurrent hum of spinning-wheels, like the drone of some great insect, sounding from the cabins where the turbaned spinners spun their fleecy rolls for the looms which were clacking in the loom-rooms, making home-spun for the plantation.

From the back yard and quarters the laughter of women and the shrill, joyous voices of children came. Far off in the fields, the white-shirted plowers followed, singing, their slow teams in the fresh furrows; wagons rattled, and ox-carts crawled along, or gangs of hands in lines performed their work in the corn or tobacco fields, loud shouts and peals of laughter, mellowed by the distance, floating up from time to time, telling that the heart was light and the toil not too heavy. . . .

Though the plantations were large, so large that one master could not hear his neighbor's dog bark, there was never any loneliness: it was movement and life without bustle; whilst somehow, in the midst of it all, the house seemed to sit enthroned in perpetual tranquillity, with outstretched wings under its spreading oaks, sheltering its children like a great gray dove.

[Abridgment.]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in Camberwell, England, May 7, 1812. He attended lectures at University College. At the age of nineteen he began the writing of verse. His poems are many and various, several of them being dramatic in form. It has been said that he is "distinguished for the depth of his spiritual insight, his dramatic energy, and power of psychological analysis." By a considerable number of thoughtful readers he is regarded as the greatest poet of modern times.

He died at Venice, Dec. 12, 1889.



Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bow
 In England — now!
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows :
 Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;
With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace,
We’ve got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief’s eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
“I’m killed, Sire!” And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, Nov. 3, 1794. There his earlier years were passed, amid the delights of lovely scenery and under the influences of a refined home. His literary work began while he was yet a boy. "Thanatopsis" was written when he was eighteen years of age. It has become an American classic. The young man studied for the profession of law, but literary pursuits proved more attractive. In 1826 he became assistant editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and in 1829 its editor in chief. But he is best known by his poetical writings.

These are characterized by melody, purity, and high ethical tone. They show profound love of Nature, and accurate observation of her varying moods. In his later years he made admirable translations of the poems of Homer. He died in the city of New York, June 12, 1878.

The present selection is used by courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

Pale is the February sky,
 And brief the midday's sunny hours ;
 The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
 For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
 Not even when the summer broods
 O'er meadows in their fresh array,
 Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
 Brings, in its annual round, the morn
 When, greatest of the sons of men,
 Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
 Calmly the mighty Hudson flows !
 By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
 Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
 And rends the oak with sudden force,
 Can raise no ripple on his face,
 Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
 Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
 And years succeeding years shall give
 Increase of honors to his name.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
 Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
 Or, full of years and ripe in wisdom, lays
 His silver temples in their last repose ;
 When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows,
 And blights the fairest ; when our bitter tears
 Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
 We think on what they were, with many fears
 Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

BRYANT.

CAPTURING A CONDOR.



MAYNE REID was born at Ballyronney, Ireland, April 4, 1818. In 1840 he came to America and lived in New Orleans. In 1847 he was a soldier of the United States army in the war with Mexico. In 1849 he returned to England, and there settled down to a literary life. He is the author of many stories of wild adventure in many countries. His books are the delight of spirited young readers. The present extract is taken from "The Forest Exiles."

Captain Reid died Oct. 22, 1883.

The new-killed animals, along with the red skin of the bull, which had been spread out on the ground at some distance from the hut, had already attracted the condors; and four or five of these great birds were now seen hovering in the air, evidently with the intention of alighting at the first opportunity.

An idea seemed to enter the head of the vaquero,¹ while his guests were still at breakfast, and he asked Leon if he would like to see a condor caught. Of course Leon replied in the affirmative. What boy wouldn't like to see a condor caught? The vaquero said he would gratify him with the sight; and, without staying to finish his breakfast, he started to his feet, and began to make preparations for the capture.

¹ vā kā'rō; a herdsman.

. . . How he was to capture one of these great birds Leon had not the slightest idea. Perhaps with the "bolas,"¹ thought he. That would have done well enough if he could only get near the condors; but these birds were sufficiently shy not to let any man come within reach, either with bolas or gun. It is only when they have been feasting, and have gorged themselves to repletion, that they can be thus approached; and then they may be knocked down, even with sticks.

As yet the half dozen condors hovering about, kept well off the hut; and Leon could not understand how any one of them was to be caught. It was by a stratagem the bird was to be taken.

The vaquero laid hold of a long rope, and, lifting the bull's hide upon his shoulders, asked Guapo to follow him with the two horses. When he had got out some four or five hundred yards from the hut, he simply spread himself flat upon the ground, and drew the skin over him, the fleshy side turned upward.

There was a hollow in the ground about as big as his body, — in fact a trench he had himself made on a former occasion, — and when lying in this on his back, his breast was about on a level with the surrounding turf.

His object in asking Guapo to accompany him with the horses was simply a ruse to deceive the condors, who from their high elevation were all the while looking down upon the plain. But the vaquero

¹ bō'lás; a weapon of iron balls attached to a leather cord.

covered himself so adroitly with his red blanket, that even their keen eyes could scarcely have noticed him; and as Guapo afterward left the ground with the led horses, the vultures supposed that nothing remained but the skin, which from its sanguinary color appeared to them to be flesh.

The birds had now nothing to fear from the proximity of the hut. There the party were all seated quietly eating their breakfast, and apparently taking no notice of them.

In a few minutes' time, therefore, they descended lower and lower — and then one of the largest dropped upon the ground within a few feet of the hide. After surveying it for a moment, he appeared to see nothing suspicious about it, and hopped a little closer. Another at this moment came to the ground, — which gave courage to the first, — and this at length stalked boldly on the hide and began to tear at it with his great beak.

A movement was now perceived on the part of the vaquero; the hide “lumped” up, and at the same time the wings of the condor were seen to play and flap about, as if he wanted to rise into the air but could not. He was evidently held by the legs! The other bird had flown off at the first alarm, and the whole band were soon soaring far upward into the blue heavens.

Leon now expected to see the vaquero uncover himself. Not so, however, as yet. That wily hunter

had no such intention ; and although he was now in a sitting posture, grasping the legs of the condor, yet his head and shoulders were still enveloped in the bull's hide. He knew better than to show his naked face to the giant vulture, that at a single peck of his powerful beak would have deprived him of an eye, or otherwise injured him severely.

The vaquero was aware of all this, and therefore did not leave his hiding place until he had firmly knotted one end of the long cord around the shank of the bird ; then, slipping out at one side, he ran off at some distance before stopping.

The condor, apparently relieved of his disagreeable company, made a sudden effort, and rose into the air, carrying the hide after him. Leon shouted out, for he thought the vulture had escaped ; but the vaquero knew better, as he held the other end of the cord in his hand ; and the bird, partly from the weight of the skin and partly from a slight tug given by the hunter, soon came heavily to the ground again.

The vaquero was now joined by Guapo ; and, after some sharp maneuvering, they succeeded between them in passing the string between the nostrils of the condor, by which means it was quietly conducted to the hut, and staked on the ground to the rear, to be disposed of whenever its captor should think fit.

MAYNE REID.

AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



EDWARD BULWER LYTTON was born in London, May 25, 1803. In early childhood he became intensely fond of books. His admiration of great poems led him to the writing of verse. At the age of seventeen he published his first book, a book of poems. Unhappy events in his life stimulated him to literary production, and between the years 1828 and 1873 he published many novels. Of these "The Last Days of Pompeii" is perhaps the most widely known. His books number more than sixty. He was twice elected to parliament, and achieved some distinction as an orator. In 1866 he was raised

to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died at Torquay, England, Jan. 18, 1873.

[In the year 79 of the Christian Era occurred that most disastrous eruption of the burning mountain which buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. On the day of that event, according to the following narrative, certain condemned men were to be killed by wild beasts in the vast amphitheater of Pompeii. A great concourse had assembled to witness the scene.]

The awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the Last Day of Pompeii! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry; a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields.

But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and

seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately river Sarnus — whose ancient breadth of channel the traveler now vainly seeks to discover — there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens.

Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph.

Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had rested so long over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily, fast, confusedly, swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

Despite the vast size of the amphitheater, — seemingly so disproportioned to the extent of the city, and formed to include nearly the whole population of

Pompeii itself,—so great was the concourse of strangers from all parts of Campania, that the space before the building was usually crowded for several hours previous to the commencement of the sports by such persons as were not entitled by their rank to appointed and special seats. And the intense curiosity, which the trial and sentence of two criminals so remarkable had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented. . . .

It was an awful and imposing spectacle, with which modern times have, happily, nothing to compare; a vast theater, rising row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number, intent upon no fictitious representation, no tragedy of the stage, but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death, of each and all who entered the arena.

The lion had been kept without food twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head, snuffed the air through the bars; then lay down; started again,—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The manager's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around; hesitated; delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign. The keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest—and his prey. . . .

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. . . . It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to the victim, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood. The power of the pretor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind. In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, Arbaces glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the valeria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition. He stretched his hand on high. "Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness, — the branches, fire; a fire that shifted and wavered every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare.

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence, through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines; over the desolate streets; over the amphitheater itself; far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, — fell that awful shower!

No longer the crowd thought of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their only

thought. Each turned to fly; each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen, amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages.

Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds, — shelter of any kind, — for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon! . . . Meanwhile the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill the lower parts of the town. But here and there might be heard the steps of fugitives cranching warily, or there might be seen their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last hope of those who bore them.

MERCENARY FIGHTERS.



WILLIAM PITT, first earl of Chatham, was born in Westminster, England, Nov. 15, 1708. His education was obtained at Oxford University. He entered parliament in 1735, and thus began a long career of distinguished public service. His last public appearance was when he went from a bed of sickness to uphold in parliament the cause of the American colonies. The present selection is taken from the speech then made.

He died at Hayes, England, May 11, 1778.

No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America.

What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent;—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine

and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms — never, never, never.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. . . .

My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! — “That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attrib-

ute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacre of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their ermine to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. . . . I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence.

[1777.]

WILLIAM PITT.

Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and confidence of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, resolved to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

[1776.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DAVID HUME was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, April 26, 1711. He was trained to the practice of law, but disliked it; he tried mercantile life with no greater success. He therefore decided to devote his life to the pursuits of literature. In the years 1741 and 1742 he published "Essays Moral and Political," two gracefully written books. In 1752 he began the writing of the "History of England," from the invasion of Cæsar to the year 1688. This work gave him high rank among historians. His style is simple and clear, and is remarkable for ease and grace.

He died in Edinburgh, Aug. 25, 1776.



There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity.

The unusual length of her administration and the strong features of her character were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her

penetration, vigilance, and address are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne — a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character.

By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity.

Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration — the true secret for managing religious factions — she preserved her people, by her superior prudence,

from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and, with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendancy over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress.

DAVID HUME.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE KING.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. He was educated at the public schools. Eventually he became an editorial writer for the *Indianapolis Journal*. In 1873 he began the writing of dialect poems, and has published numerous volumes of verse, much of which is in dialect, in which he easily takes first rank. Not only in these does he excel, but many of his poems written in the usual English form are tender and beautiful. It seems probable that no other living American poet is more widely read than he.

His home is in Indianapolis.

They rode right out of the morning sun —
 A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
 Of knights and ladies, and every one
 In princely sheen arrayed;
 And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,
 With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red
 That spurted about in the breeze and bled
 In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
 With brave glad banners of every hue
 That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
 In splendor, two and two;
 And the tinkling links of the golden reins
 Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
 As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
 Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they neighed
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
Like the moon on rippling tides;
And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
And their tails were flossy and fetlock-long,
And jostled in time to the teeming throng
And the knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
As one at a willful child;
And as knight and lady away they flew,
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew ;
He kissed his hand and smiled.

And then like a slanting sunlit shower,
The pageant glittered across the plain,
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower
Was only a crimson stain.
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast :
"It is the King of the Year rides past !"
And Autumn is here again.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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THE RESTORED UNION.



HENRY WOODFIN GRADY was born at Athens, Georgia, in the year 1851. As the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, he became widely and favorably known. He was a conspicuous leader in the promotion of the industries of his native state. By the fervor of his eloquence he did much to broaden the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen wherever they dwell.

His death — deeply lamented — occurred at Atlanta, Dec. 23, 1889.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill; a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shall I send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His

Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle ground of the republic.

Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat — sacred soil to all of us — rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better — silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of the conflict it may perpetuate itself?

Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the

vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest extent, when he said: —

“Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same common country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever.”

There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

“those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.”

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

CHRISTMAS REVELS IN ENGLAND.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. His childhood and early youth were passed in that city. In 1806 he was admitted to the practice of the law. His first notable work in literature was "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a humorous book. "The Sketch Book" was published in 1820, and was received with great favor. Perhaps the most popular of these sketches are "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Irving wrote a variety of books that became noted — story, adventure, history, biography, and travel.

He died at his home, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York, Nov. 28, 1859.



That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as lord of misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect.

The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothespresses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from

parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out, into a burlesque imitation of an antique mask.

Master Simon led the van, as "Ancient Christmas," quaintly appareled in a ruff, a short cloak, which had very much the appearance of one of the old house-keeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple, and must indubitably have figured in the days of the Covenanters. From under this his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a frost-bitten bloom, that seemed the very trophy of a December blast.

He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as "Dame Mince Pie," in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes.

The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel. . . . The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as "Maid Marian."

The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways: the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bot-tomed wigs, to represent the character of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings.

The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I ob-

served that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of his motley crew, with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie.

It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport.

Different centuries were figuring at cross hands and right and left; the dark ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jiggling merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy, and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment.

There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry, that gave it a peculiar zest; it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor-house almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long-departed years.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THREE ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner.

I had three rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country.¹ They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment.

They were full of the anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed.

But the meeting to which they looked forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus.² How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he could take! There was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

¹ England. ² The famous horse of Prince Alexander, *bū sēf'á lūs*.

The boys had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little fellows, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and a long rusty tail, who stood quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the sturdy little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest: all wanted to mount him at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last: one on the pony, with the dog barking and bounding before him; the others holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728, the son of a clergyman. He graduated at Trinity College in 1749. He studied medicine and to a slight extent practised that profession. His novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," has long since become an English classic. His poems, "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," are not less worthy of remembrance. He wrote one play and numerous admirable essays.

His death occurred in London, April 4, 1774.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain ;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed !
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth where every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play ;
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed :
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove —
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires the echoes with unvaried cries.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



PAUL DU CHAILLU [dù shh' yü'] was born in Paris, July 31, 1835. He became a daring explorer in equatorial Africa. His discoveries and experiences in that wild country have been graphically told in some of his books. He has also traveled in Northern Europe, and has written concerning it that interesting work, "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

[This extract is taken from "Wild Life under the Equator." Copyright, 1896, by Harper and Brothers.]

It was night; the moon had just risen, and threw a strange glare on everything around. I was in the prairie, and had been there since ten o'clock in the morning, looking for wild beasts.

At last I saw five hippopotami grazing. I approached with cautious steps, or rather, I crawled on the ground toward the huge beasts, till I came near enough to see the shadows their immense bodies threw around them.

The question was how to get within gunshot without being seen. There was nothing to protect me from their view, for the grass had been burned; there was nothing, either, to protect me from their assault.

Supposing that I killed the one I should shoot at, the others might take it into their heads to charge

upon me. Not a tree was within reach. Now, I had been so accustomed to hunt wild beasts that I was not afraid of any of them, but I knew that I could not kill five hippopotami at once.

Suddenly the animals turned round and gradually approached a grove of trees. But what was to be done? The wind almost blew from that grove toward them! "At any rate, I will try," said I to myself, "to go there; but I must take a roundabout way." How careful I had to be in order not to be seen!

I felt very much excited, and when I reached the little island, or grove, of trees without being discovered, I was pleased with myself. It was, I thought, a splendid piece of woodcraft on my part.

I had reached the grove from the opposite side from where I supposed the hippopotami to be. The only sure way for me to come close to them was to go through the grove and wait until they should come within gunshot from the other side.

The trees were not very thick, and I could pass through the underbrush without making much noise. I thought, perhaps, there was a leopard there, and if so, he would leap upon me before I was aware. It was just the time of night when leopards are out, and they abounded in that region. I therefore entered the woods, looking to the right and left ahead of me, in order not to be surprised; and I met several hippopotami tracks.

Just as I was in the midst of the grove I suddenly

heard a great crash in the direction I was going. Then followed several other crashes coming from other parts. I listened; they were the hippopotami; they had entered the grove by several paths converging toward me.

I kept still. I do believe my hair must have stood up on my head, for I was awfully excited. The hippopotami were coming just where I was.

I cocked my gun, hid myself behind a big tree, and waited. I heard the crash of branches in all directions except one, and finally I saw the branches of the trees moving not far from me, and by the dim moonlight piercing through the not very thick foliage, I perceived a monster hippopotamus, the male of the herd, coming sideways so as to pass within a few yards of me.

Suddenly he stopped; gave one of his sonorous grunts, and then advanced. What a monster he was! what a huge body! what short legs!

At last, just as he had passed me, so that he could not face me without turning his unwieldy body, I fired into his ear, and the monster dropped on the spot, with scarcely a struggle.

But I wish you had been with me to hear the rush of the others. I thought all the trees were coming down! One of the beasts in his fright came in my direction. I thought he was charging me, so I fired.

I heard the bullet strike some part of his body, probably one of his tusks, for it made a great noise; but that was all. He passed on with a rapidity of

which I thought these beasts perfectly incapable. I was glad when they were all out of the way.

[Abridgment.]

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 Or bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain side.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er!

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SALUTATION TO VETERANS.

BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1825.



DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1782. His father was a farmer, and the son proved to be the most notable product of the hill-country. After considerable effort the boy was enabled to obtain a classical education at Dartmouth College. He became a lawyer, but it was not till 1816 that he removed to Boston for the practice of his profession. He had already served New Hampshire as a representative in Congress, and in Massachusetts (1823) he was chosen to a like position. In 1827 he was elected to the Senate. In 1840 he became Secretary of State, and in this

capacity negotiated an important treaty with Great Britain. In 1850 he again filled the same office. Mr. Webster is regarded by many as the ablest constitutional lawyer and the most eloquent and powerful orator of America, and he ranks with Demosthenes, Cicero, and the elder Pitt, as one of the greatest orators of history.

He died at his home in Marshfield, Oct. 24, 1852.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your

feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name

of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it

would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!

Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Where-soever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this!

At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old

soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it.

May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have so often been extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

'Tis the union of lakes and the union of lands,
And the union of states none may sever;
The union of hearts and the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

AUTUMN IN THE GLACIER MEADOWS.

JOHN MUIR was born in Dunbar, Scotland, April 21, 1838. His education was begun at the Dunbar grammar school and was completed at the University of Wisconsin. His fame as naturalist, geologist, and explorer is deservedly great. He discovered the Alaskan glacier that now bears his name. He is the author of two delightful and instructive books and has edited "Picturesque California."

His present residence (1906) is Martinez, California.

The present selection is taken from "The Mountains of California," by courtesy of The Century Company.



The summer lasts with but little abatement until October, when the night frosts begin to sting, bronzing the grasses, and ripening the leaves of heath-worts along the banks of the stream to reddish purple and crimson. The flowers disappear, all save the goldenrods and a few daisies, that continue on unscathed until the beginning of snowy winter.

In still nights the grass panicles and every leaf and stalk are laden with frost crystals, through which the morning sunbeams sift in ravishing splendor, transforming each to a precious diamond radiating the colors of the rainbow.

The brook shallows are plaited across and across with slender lances of ice, but both these and the grass crystals are melted before midday, and, notwith-

standing the great elevation of the meadow, the afternoons are still warm enough to revive the chilled butterflies and call them out to enjoy the late-flowering goldenrods. The divine alpenglow flushes the surrounding forest every evening, followed by a crystal night with hosts of lily stars, whose size and brilliancy cannot be conceived by those who have never risen above the lowlands.

Thus come and go the bright sun-days of autumn, not a cloud in the sky, week after week till near December. Then comes a sudden change. Clouds of a peculiar aspect with a slow, crawling gait gather and grow in the azure, throwing out satiny fringes, and becoming darker until every lakelike rift and opening is closed and the whole bent firmament is obscured in equal structureless gloom.

Then comes the snow, for the clouds are ripe; the meadows of the sky are in bloom, and shed their radiant blossoms like an orchard in the spring. Lightly, lightly they lodge in the brown grasses and in the tasseled needles of the pines, falling hour after hour, day after day, silently, lovingly, — all the winds hushed, — glancing, and circling hither, thither, glinting against one another, rays interlocking in flakes as large as daisies. And then the dry grasses, and the trees, and the stones are all equally in bloom again.

Thunder showers occur during the summer months, and impressive it is to watch the coming of the big

transparent drops, each a small world in itself — one unbroken ocean without islands hurling free through the air like planets through space. But still more impressive to me is the coming of the snow flowers, — falling stars, winter daisies, — giving bloom to all the ground alike. Raindrops blossom brilliantly in the rainbow, and change to flowers in the sod ; but snow comes in full flower direct from the dark, frozen sky.

Hushed now is the life that so late was beating warmly. Most of the birds have gone below the snow line, the plants sleep, and all the fly wings are folded. Yet the sun beams gloriously many a cloudy day in winter, casting long lance shadows athwart the dazzling expanse.

Walk the meadows now ! Scarce the memory of a flower will you find. The ground seems twice dead. Nevertheless the annual resurrection is drawing near, the life-giving sun pours his floods, the last snow-wreath melts, myriads of growing points push eagerly through the steaming mold, the birds come back, new wings fill the air, and fervid summer life comes surging on, seemingly yet more glorious than before.

JOHN MUIR.

THE ACT OF DECLARATION.



RICHARD SALTER STORRS was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, Aug. 21, 1821. For more than fifty years he was pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, New York. In pulpit and on platform he was an eloquent orator. His writings are characterized by clearness of thought and purity of style. He wrote several books pertaining to the religious life. His addresses upon various public occasions show the diversity of his powers.

He died June 5, 1900.

In a plain room, of an unpretending and recent building—the lower east room of what then was a statehouse, what since has been known as the “Independence Hall”—in the midst of a city of perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants—a city which preserved its rural aspect, and the quaint simplicity of whose plan and structures had always been marked among American towns—were assembled probably less than fifty persons to consider a paper prepared by a young Virginia lawyer, giving reasons for a Resolve which the assembly had adopted two days before.

They were farmers, planters, lawyers, physicians, surveyors of land, with one eminent Presbyterian clergyman. A majority of them had been educated at such schools, or primitive colleges, as then existed

on this continent, while a few had enjoyed the rare advantage of training abroad and foreign travel; but a considerable number, and among them some of the most influential, had had no other education than that which they had gained by diligent reading while at their trades or on their farms.

The figure to which our thoughts turn first is that of the author of the careful paper on the details of which the discussion turned. It has no special majesty or charm—the slight, tall frame, the sun-burned face, the gray eyes spotted with hazel, the red hair which crowns the head; but already, at the age of thirty-three, the man has impressed himself on his associates as a master of principles, and of the language in which those principles find expression, so that his colleagues have left to him, almost wholly, the work of preparing the important Declaration.

He wants readiness in debate, and so is now silent; but he listens eagerly to the vigorous argument and the forcible appeals of one of his fellows on the committee, Mr. John Adams, and now and then speaks with another of the committee, much older than himself—a stout man, with a friendly face, in a plain dress, whom the world already had heard something of as Benjamin Franklin.

These three are perhaps most prominently before us as we recall the vanished scene, though others were there of fine presence and cultivated manners, and though all impress us as substantial and repre-

sentative men, however harsh the features of some, however brawny their hands with labor. But certainly nothing could be more unpretending, more destitute of pictorial charm than that small assembly of persons for the most part quite unknown to previous fame.

After a discussion somewhat prolonged, as it seemed at the time, especially as it had been continued from previous days, and after some minor amendments of the paper, toward evening it was adopted, and ordered to be sent to the several States, signed by the President and the Secretary, and the simple transaction was complete. Whatever there may have been of proclamation and bell ringing appears to have come on subsequent days. It was almost a full month before the paper was engrossed, and signed by the members. It must have been nearly or quite the same time before the news of its adoption had reached the remoter parts of the land.

If pomp of circumstance were necessary to make an event like this great and memorable, there would have been others in our own history more worthy far of our commemoration. As matched against multitudes in our history, it would sink into instant and complete insignificance.

Yet here, to-day, a hundred years from the adoption of that paper, in a city which counts its languages by scores, and beats with the tread of a million feet, in a country whose enterprise flies abroad over

sea and land on the rush of engines not then imagined, in a time so full of exciting hopes that it hardly has leisure to contemplate the past, we pause from all our toil and traffic, our eager plans and impetuous debate, to commemorate the event.

The whole land pauses, as I have said; and some distinct impression of it will follow the sun, wherever he climbs the steep of heaven, until in all countries it has more or less touched the thoughts of men.

. . . The voice of the cottage as well as the college, of the church as well as the legislative assembly, was in the paper. It echoed the talk of the farmer in homespun, as well as the classic eloquence of Lee, or the terrible tones of Patrick Henry. It gushed at last from the pen of its writer,¹ like the fountain from the roots of Lebanon, a brimming river where it issues from the rock.

But it was because its sources had been supplied, its fullness filled, by unseen springs; by the rivulets winding far up among the cedars, and percolating through hidden crevices in the stone; by melting snows, whose white sparkle seemed still on the stream; by fierce rains, with which the basins above were drenched; by even the dews, silent and wide, which had lain in stillness all night upon the hill.

RICHARD S. STORRS.

¹ Thomas Jefferson.

THE ESCAPE.



WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 15, 1771. At the age of eight he attended the high school, and there acquired some knowledge of languages and improved his ardent taste for poetry. He studied law, and was admitted to practice; but, fortunately for the world, he was irresistibly drawn toward the art of letters. His first published work was a series of ballads translated from the German. In 1802 he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and thus began that career of wonderful productiveness, in poetry and in fiction, which has delighted and instructed

many readers, from that time to this. He is among the noblest characters in all literature. The selection here given is taken from that delightful romance in verse, "The Lady of the Lake."

The death of Scott occurred Sept. 21, 1832.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenarty's hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall."

The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flank he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along, —
Their merry peal the horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout ;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.

Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert covered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.

Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cabin where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old ;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying feet the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

WALTER SCOTT.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

EDWIN ARNOLD was born at Gravesend, England, June 10, 1832. He studied at Rochester and at King's College, London. In 1854 he received his degree at University College, Oxford. For a brief time he taught school in Birmingham, and then became principal of the Sanskrit College in Poona, Bombay, India. In 1861 he returned to England and joined the editorial staff of the *London Telegraph*. He is the author of several books of excellent verse, the best known of these being "The Light of Asia." His prose books are also very entertaining. In 1891 he visited the United States and gave public readings from his own works.

He died March 29, 1904.

The present selection is taken from "Wandering Words," by courtesy of Longmans, Green and Company.



The morning had been fine, but at midday a wind rose up from the southwest suddenly, and rolled a rough sea along the feet of the cliffs.

Clannen had gone out after his lobster-pots alone, and whether one of them had drifted, which he was trying to recover, or whether, skillful boatman as he was, he misjudged the force of the incoming surge, he got his dingey¹ flung upon the rocks and stove in, while he himself, in scrambling out upon a ledge of the cliff, sprained his ankle, and by the same fall broke his arm.

This was not known until the broken boat of

¹ dīn'gŷ ; a small boat.

Clannen was seen driving over the rollers eastward, at which time the tide was already at half flood, and the place where poor crippled Will was perched had become perfectly inaccessible from the sea. How they found out that place was all through Grace, who forgot entirely about her languor, and went out in the wind and rain with the rest of the villagers.

It seems that a smack, scudding across the bay, had somehow signaled that there was a man on the ledge of the cliff; but the difficulty was to find out where.

The surf and the wind created too much uproar for human voices to be heard, and the cliff in many places overhung its base, so that it would never have been discovered where the unlucky Will had lodged but for Grace.

She hit upon the idea of throwing great stones wrapped in newspapers over each possible point, until one thus flung was answered by one thrown with a splash upon the face of an incoming "smooth," and the anxious village knew just where its man was waiting for help.

At first what was to be done appeared obvious and easy. A light line was lowered over the cliff's brim with a small stone and the body of a child's kite at the extremity; and, sure enough, by walking along the edge slowly and letting the gale blow this inwards, it was presently seized. Then a strong rope was lowered at exactly the same spot, with a length of

floating thread at the end, and this was also caught by the invisible Clannen. — All these shore folk can climb like goats, and hang to a rope like spiders ; so the folk now expected Will to make a bowline in his rope, and signal to be hauled up. Instead of this he jerked hard at the thin cord, which they could now afford to pull up, and when it came in sight there was a bit of paper screwed into its loop, on which was penciled : —

“Broke my arm, and can't stand. Sea over rock in half an hour.”

Well, that meant sharp work if Clannen was to be saved, and the villagers were puzzled, for it would probably be useless now to lower him even a boatswain's stool. They were eagerly discussing the problem when John Petherick pushed the talkers aside, and flinging off his sea jacket, and tightening his belt, said, with a hard look at Grace's quiet but pale face : —

“Here ! cast me over, mate, in a bow-line, and lower a chair along of me. I'll put Bill safe and sound on the grass, or break my own neck.”

They offered no objection, and the people thereabouts are not afraid to die, or to see others die, where they live lives so simple and faithful. So, over the red rim of the sandstone crag went Jack, with a coil of spun yarn in his hand and the second rope. After he was out of sight, it was impossible to hear his voice or to communicate ; but as he slung himself

across the crumbling brink into the gusty air, he said to the sturdy group holding on to the ropes : —

“Haul up when I jerk three times. Hold hard when I jerk once ; and if I do it twice, send me down another man.”

There was a long, awful pause, awful because Will might be washed away, or a hundred bad things happen ; but the rope presently lost its strain — Jack had reached the ledge. There he found Clannen faint and soaked with spray, which was now and again running green over his rock, and threatening to wash him off as he clung with one hand to it.

He managed, however, to help Clannen athwart the boatswain’s stool, and to lash him with the light cord to the rope, after which he gave three jerks, keeping his own line quiet until the injured man was well aloft.

Then he put his leg farther into the bowline, and shook his own rope thrice ; and first Will came to safety, sadly broken and soaked ; and after him came Jack, pretty nearly drowned with the breakers, which would have washed anybody off the ledge in another ten minutes.

[Abridgment.]

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PRESS ON.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, January 20, 1806. His father was the founder of the well-known periodical, *The Youth's Companion*, and from him the son inherited literary tastes. He visited Europe, and while there contributed to London journals. In 1846 he associated with George P. Morris in establishing the New York *Home Journal*. He wrote various books of travel and a volume of poems. He died at his country seat, "Idlewild," near Newburg, New York, Jan. 20, 1867.



The soul of man
 Createth its own destiny of power ;
 And as the trial is intenser here,
 His being has a nobler strength in heaven.
 What is its earthly victory ? Press on !
 For it shall make you mighty among men ;
 And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
 Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on !
 For the high ones and powerful shall come
 To do you reverence : and the beautiful
 Will know the purer language of your brow,
 And read it like a talisman of love.
 Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose
 The spirit, and forget yourself in thought ;
 Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
 And in the very fetters of your flesh,
 Mating with the pure essences of heaven.
 Press on ! — "for in the grave there is no work,
 And no device." Press on ! while yet ye may.

N. P. WILLIS.

A BLADE OF GRASS.



JOHN RUSKIN was born in London, England, Feb. 8, 1819. He gained a prize at Oxford University in 1839, and took his degree there in 1842. While yet a student he wrote "for a very young lady" the legend, "The King of the Golden River." It is unlike any other of his books. At about this period the first volume of his "Modern Painters" was published. The work was not completed till twenty years later. He was a keen observer, an able writer, and a most exacting critic. His books, on a variety of topics, have done much to cultivate taste in Great Britain and America. He died Jan. 20, 1900.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven,—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots.

And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and

of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

And well does it fulfill its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears.

The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent and scented paths—the rests in noonday heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mold or scorching dust.

Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices— all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land,¹ though still as we

¹ England.

think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of the lower mountains.

There, mingled with the taller Gentians, and the white Narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossoms — paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness, — look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains."

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

SARAH R. BOYLE.

AN ADVENTURE WITH GRIZZLY BEARS.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT was born at Brunswick, Maine, Sept. 18, 1805. His classical education was obtained at Bowdoin College. He is the author of numerous historical works and biographies, including a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, the French Revolution of 1789, and a Life of George Washington.

He died at Fair Haven, Connecticut, June 17, 1877.

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Carson, with his two companions, . . . halted about two hours before sunset. While his comrades were arranging the camp, Carson set off with his rifle in pursuit of supper.

He had wandered about a mile from the camp, when he came upon the fresh tracks of elk. Following their trail for a little distance, he soon discovered a small herd of the beautiful animals grazing upon a hillside just on the edge of a grove. Moving with great care, he entered circuitously upon the covert of the trees, crept up within rifle range, selected the largest and fattest of the herd, and at the report of the rifle, the animal stood for a moment shivering as if struck by paralysis, and then dropped dead.

Carson was more than usually elated by his success.

The party were all hungry. The region was extremely wild and barren, and there was great danger that they would have to go supperless to bed. Scarcely had the echo of his rifle shot died away, when Carson heard a terrific roar directly behind him. Instantly turning his head, he saw two enormous grizzly bears, coming down upon him at full speed, and at the distance of but a few rods.

The grizzly bear is a larger animal and far more ferocious than the black bear. A bullet seems to prick rather than to maim him, and he will attack the hunter with the most desperate and persevering fierceness. Carson was helpless. He had discharged his rifle. The brutes were close upon him, and there were two of them. They could outrun him. His fate seemed sealed.

For once Kit Carson was frightened; but not so much so as in the slightest degree to lose his self-possession. With a lightning glance, his eye swept the grove, in search of a tree into whose branches he might climb. He saw one at a little distance, and rushed toward it, pursued by both of the monsters, growling and gnashing their teeth.

With wonderful agility, he sprang and caught the lower branch and drew himself up into the tree just in time to escape the blow which one of the bears struck at him with his terrific claws. But he had by no means obtained a place of safety. He had been compelled to drop his rifle in his flight. The grizzly

bear can climb a tree far more easily than can a man. He was too far distant from the camp to hope for aid from that quarter. Again it seemed that a dreadful death was inevitable.

The bears hesitated for a moment, growling and showing their claws and their white teeth. Quick as thought Carson cut from the tree and trimmed a stout cudgel, which would neither break nor bend. Soon one of the bears commenced climbing the tree. The nose of the bear is very tender and is the only spot vulnerable to blows.

Cudgel in hand, Carson took his stand upon one of the branches, and as soon as the bear's head came within reach, assailed him with such a storm of blows that he dropped howling to the ground. The other then made the attempt to climb the tree, and encountered the same fate. The blows which the sinewy arm of Carson had inflicted, evidently gave the animals terrible pain.

They filled the forest with their howlings, and endeavored to bury their snouts beneath the sod. For some time they lingered around the tree, looking wistfully at their prey, as if loath to leave it. But they did not venture to incur a repetition of the chastisement they had already received. At length, with an almost ludicrous aspect of disconsolateness, they slowly retired into the forest.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE STORY OF THE WOOD.

What said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night —
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair —
When the blaze was burning bright ?

The Wood said: "See
What they've done to me !
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast !

"From the blossoming dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet ;
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful shadows that dreamed at my feet.

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumbled my tresses ;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid.
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest that mother had made !

"And in springtime sweet faces
 Of myriad graces
 Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places ;
 And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
 With cheeks like primroses the little ones played ;
 And the sunshine in showers
 Through all the bright hours
 Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning came brightening
 From far skies, and frightening
 The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
 And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas.
 But they flew to my breast,
 And I rocked them to rest,
 While the trembling vines clustered and clung at my
 knees!

"But how soon," said the Wood,
 "Fades the memory of good !
 Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,
 The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
 And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his might!
 Yet still there must be
 Some sweet mission for me ;
 For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night ?"

So said the Wood in the fire
 To the little boy that night —
 The little boy of the golden hair,
 As he rocked himself in his little armchair —
 When the blaze was burning bright. — FRANK L. STANTON.
 [From "Little Folks Down South." By permission of D. Appleton
 and Company.]

SKATING IN HOLLAND.



EDMONDO DE AMICIS [dā ä-mee' chees] was born at Oneglia [ō nāi' yä], Italy, Oct. 21, 1846. During five years of his youth, and until Italy was made free under Victor Emmanuel, he served as a soldier in the Italian army of liberation. He then returned to civil life, established a home in Turin, and devoted himself to literature. He has traveled in France, Holland, Turkey, Morocco, and Spain. The books he has written concerning these countries are very delightful. This extract is from "Holland"; copyright, 1894, by Porter and Coates. Used by courtesy of The John C. Winston Company, Publishers.

Skating in Holland is not only a recreation; it is the ordinary means of transportation. . . . When there is a hard frost the canals are transformed into streets. The peasants skate to market, the workmen to their work, the small tradespeople to their business; entire families skate from the country to the town with their bags and baskets on their shoulders or drive in sledges. Skating is to them as habitual and easy as walking, and they skim along so rapidly that one can scarcely follow them with the eye. . . .

Persons who have been drawn by sticks have told me that the speed with which they slide over the ice is enough to turn one giddy; but this rapidity is not the only remarkable thing about it; another point very much to be admired is the security with which they traverse great distances.

Peasants go from one town to another at night. . . . Sometimes as one is walking along a canal one sees a figure flit by like an arrow, to disappear immediately in the distance. It is a peasant girl carrying milk to a house in the city.

There are sledges of every size and shape, some pushed by skaters, others drawn by horses, others propelled by means of two iron-tipped sticks which are worked by the person seated in the sledge.

One sees carts and carriages taken off their wheels and mounted on two boards, on which they glide with the same rapidity as the other sleds. . . . Sometimes ships in full sail are seen skimming over the ice of the large rivers, going so fast that the faces of the few who dare to make this experiment are terribly cut by the wind.

The most beautiful fêtes in Holland are given on the ice. When the Meuse is frozen, Rotterdam becomes a place of reunions and amusements. The snow is brushed away until the ice is made as clean as a crystal floor; restaurants, coffee-houses, pavilions, and benches for spectators are set up, and at night all is illuminated. During the day a swarm of skaters of every age, sex, and class crowds the river.

In the other towns, especially in Friesland, which is the classic land of the art, there are clubs of men and women skaters who institute public races for prizes. Stakes and flags are set up all along the canals; railings and stands are raised; immense

crowds come from the villages and the countryside. Bands play ; the élite of the town are present.

There are races for men and races for women ; then both men and women race together. The names of the winners are enrolled in the annals of the art and remain famous for many years. . . . The first day when the canals and small docks are covered with ice strong enough to bear the skaters is a day of rejoicing in the Dutch towns. Skaters who have made the experiment at break of day spread the news abroad ; the papers announce it ; groups of boys about the streets burst into shouts of delight ; men-servants and women-servants ask permission to go out with the determined air of people who have decided to rebel if refused. . . .

At the Hague the basin, which is in the middle of the city, near to the Binnenhof, is invaded by a mingled crowd of people, who interlace, knock against each other, and form a confused, giddy mass.

The flower of the aristocracy skates on a pond in the middle of the wood, and there in the snow may be seen a winding and whirling maze of officers, ladies, deputies, students, old men, and boys, among whom the crown prince is sometimes seen.

Thousands of spectators crowd around the scene, music enlivens the festival, and the enormous disk of the Dutch sun at sunset sends its dazzling salutation through the gigantic beech trees.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somersby, England, Aug. 6, 1809. He was one of six sons. In his youth he lived near to the heart of Nature—landscape, sea, and sky. He studied at Cambridge, and afterward devoted his life to the art of poetry. His first important book was published in 1832. His latest volume appeared in 1892; so many years did he give, with steadfast purpose, to the work he had chosen. Unless Wordsworth be excepted, no poet of the nineteenth century ranks higher than Tennyson. He was a master of lyric melody, and many of his lines sing their way to the



heart of the reader. It has been said by a high authority that "Tennyson has incomparable felicity in all poetic forms, surpassing in melody also, unmatched in rhythmic power and variety."

At his home in Aldworth he died, honored and in the fullness of years, October 6, 1892.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sailed
The ship *Good Fortune*, though at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed
She slipped across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape,
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage; at first indeed
Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
Then followed calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them ; at last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain gorge
They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell

Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail :

No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PAULETTE AND HER GIFT.



ÉMILE SOUVESTRE was born at Morlaix [môr'lâ'], France, Sept. 15, 1806. In his childhood and early youth he became intimately familiar with Breton life and scenery. After studying law at Rennes he lived in Paris and was inspired by the rich intellectual life of that city. He wrote a number of plays and several prose works. To American readers he is perhaps best known by "An Attic Philosopher in Paris." From that charming book the present extract is taken, by courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

He died July 5, 1864.

A knock at my door ; a poor girl comes in, and greets me by name. At first I do not recollect her ; but she looks at me and smiles. Ah ! it is Paulette ! But it is almost a year since I have seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same : the other day she was a child, now she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, and miserably clad ; but she has always the same open and straightforward look — the same mouth, smiling at every word, as if to court your sympathy — the same voice, somewhat timid, yet expressing fondness. Paulette appears to me as a part of one of my happiest recollections.

It was the evening of a public holiday. The principal buildings of Paris were illuminated with festoons of fire, a thousand flags waved in the night winds,

and the fireworks had just shot forth their spouts of flame into the midst of the park.

All of a sudden, one of those unaccountable alarms which strike a multitude with panic fell upon the dense crowd: they cry out, they rush on headlong; the weaker ones fall, and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive struggles.

I escaped from the confusion by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the cries of a perishing child arrested me. I reëntered that human chaos, and, after unheard-of exertions, I brought Paulette out of it at the peril of my life.

That was two years ago; since then I had not seen the child again but at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her. But Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to offer me her wishes for my happiness. She brought me besides, a wallflower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it: it was something that belonged wholly to herself; for it was by her care, her perseverance, and her patience, that she had obtained it. . . . This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, and the compliments she stammered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the kind of mist which had gathered round my mind; my thoughts suddenly changed from the leaden tints of evening to the brightest colors of dawn. I made Paulette sit down, and I questioned her with a light heart.

At first the little girl replied by monosyllables;

but very soon the tables were turned, and it was I who interrupted her long and confidential talk.

The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long since, with a brother and a sister, and lives with an old grandmother, who *brought them up to poverty*, as she always calls it.

However, Paulette now helps her to make band-boxes; her little sister Perrine begins to use the needle, and her brother Henry is apprentice to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work; if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for the winter, when you cannot get sunshine for nothing.

Paulette complains that her candles go out too quickly, and that her wood costs too much. The fireplace is so near the roof that the wind blows the rain down it, and in winter the rain falls upon the hearth; so they have left off using it. The grandmother has often spoken of a stove that was for sale at the shop close by; but the price of it was seven francs, and the times are too hard for such an expense: the family, therefore, resign themselves to cold for economy!

As Paulette spoke, I felt more and more that I was losing my fretfulness and low spirits. The first disclosure of the little bandbox-maker created within me a wish that soon became a plan.

I questioned her about her daily occupations, and she told me that, on leaving me, she must go, with

her brother, her sister, and her grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would see her in the evening, and she went away with fresh thanks.

I placed the wallflower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bade it welcome. The birds were singing around, the sky had cleared up, and the day, which had begun so loweringly, had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and, having hastily put on my hat and coat, I went out.

Three o'clock. — All is settled with my neighbor, the chimney-doctor. He will repair my old stove, and answers for its being as good as new. At five o'clock we are to set out, and put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight. — All has gone well. At the hour agreed upon, I was at the old bandbox-maker's; she was still out. My chimney-sweeper fixed the stove, while I arranged in the fireplace a dozen great logs taken from my winter stock. I shall make up for them by warming myself with walking, or by going to bed earlier.

I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations, and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no—see everything ready; the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it is provided on the shelf. The chimney-doctor is gone.

Now my fear lest they should come is changed into impatience at their not coming. At last I hear children's voices: here they are: they push open the door and rush in—but they all stop in astonishment.

At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor, who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened.

Paulette is the first to comprehend it, and the arrival of the grandmother, who is more slowly mounting the stairs, finishes the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies, thanks!

But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers chestnuts just roasted; and I draw forth from the basket that I had hidden, a cold tongue, a pot of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now their wonder turns to admiration; the little family have never had such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat. It is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes his share to it. I had brought only the supper. The bandbox-maker and her children supplied the enjoyment.

[Abridgment.]

ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

LONGFELLOW.

THE PRINTER-BOY.

GEORGE BANCROFT was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, Oct. 3, 1800. At the age of seventeen he graduated with high honors at Harvard University. He afterward pursued a long course of study in Germany. Returning to America, he with an associate founded at Northampton a school of advanced type. He was Secretary of the Navy in 1845, and later, the United States minister to Great Britain. His historical writings are numerous and valuable.

He died at his home in Washington, D.C., Jan. 17, 1891.



Benjamin Franklin, when but seventeen years old, sailed clandestinely for New York ; and, finding there no employment, crossed to Amboy ; went on foot to the Delaware ; for want of a wind, rowed in a boat from Burlington to Philadelphia ; and, bearing marks of his labor at the oar, weary, hungry, having for his whole stock of cash a single dollar, the runaway apprentice — greatest of the sons of New England of that generation, the humble pupil of the free schools of Boston, rich in the boundless hope of youth and the unconscious power of genius, which modesty adorned — stepped on shore to seek food, occupation, shelter, and a fortune.

On the deep foundation of sobriety, frugality, and industry, the young journeyman built his fortunes and fame ; and he soon came to have a printing-office

of his own. Toiling early and late, with his own hands he set types and worked at the press; with his own hands would trundle to the office in a wheelbarrow the reams of paper which he was to use. His ingenuity was such, he could form letters, make types and woodcuts, and engrave vignettes in copper.

The assembly of Pennsylvania respected his merit, and chose him its printer. He planned a newspaper; and when he became its proprietor and editor, he fearlessly defended absolute freedom of thought and speech, and the inalienable power of the people.

Desirous of advancing education, he proposed improvements in the schools of Philadelphia; he invented the system of subscription libraries, and laid the foundation of one that was long the most considerable library in America; he suggested the establishment of an academy, which has ripened into a university; he saw the benefit of concert in the pursuit of science, and gathered a philosophical society for its advancement. . . .

When the scientific world began to investigate the wonders of electricity, Franklin excelled all observers in the marvelous simplicity and lucid exposition of his experiments, and in the admirable sagacity with which he elicited from them the laws which they illustrated.

It was he who first suggested the explanation of thunder-gusts and the northern lights on electrical principles, and, in the summer of 1752, going out

into the fields, with no instrument but a kite, no companion but his son, established his theory by obtaining a line of connection with a thunder-cloud.

Nor did he cease till he had made the lightning a household pastime, taught his family to catch the subtile fluid in its inconceivably rapid leaps between the earth and the sky, and compelled it to give warning of its passage by the harmless ringing of bells.

With placid tranquillity Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of Nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory ; . . . loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of Nature with those of which humanity is conscious ; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected itself, revealed her laws.

He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator ; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings.

In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favorite study

of intelligent society ; and, with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation — now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in expressions of light-hearted gayety.

In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of humor ; but while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the febleness of man, a serene benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at its toils.

Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence ; yet his hope was steadfast, like the hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from Heaven.

He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue ; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth brought down and applied to the affairs of life the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

HORATIUS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rotheley Temple, England, Oct. 25, 1800. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1822, having won various honors for excellence in oratory and in verse. Eventually he became a member of Parliament and held other positions under the government. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" were widely admired, and so were his collected essays. But his "History of England" should perhaps be regarded as his most important work. He was a man of very marvelous memory, being able to repeat the contents of a book of many pages after a single reading.



He died at Kensington, England, Dec. 28, 1859.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard on either bank :
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin. . . .

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was the public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE SPARTAN THREE HUNDRED.

PARAPHRASE FROM HERODOTUS.



HERODOTUS was born about the year 490 B.C., at Halicarnassus, a city of Asia Minor. He was the first writer "to shape a collection of stories into the portrayal of a great historical proceeding so as to endow it with a plot." He has been called "The Father of History." He traveled widely, observed much, and recorded with fidelity the results of his researches.

He died at Thurii, Italy, 426 B.C.

This is the tale of the greatest deed of arms that was ever done. The men who fought in it were not urged by ambition or greed, nor were they soldiers who knew not why they went to battle. They warred for the freedom of their country, they were few against many, they might have retreated with honor, after inflicting great loss on the enemy, but they preferred, with more honor, to die.

The Great King—as the Greeks called Xerxes, the Persian monarch—was leading the innumerable armies of Asia against the small and divided country of Greece. It was then split into a number of little States, not on good terms with each other, and while some were for war, and freedom, and ruin, if ruin must come, with honor, others were for peace and slavery.

The Greeks, who determined to resist Persia at any cost, met together at the Isthmus of Corinth, and laid their plans of defense. The Asiatic army, coming by land, would be obliged to march through a narrow pass called Thermopylæ, with the sea on one side of the road, and a steep and inaccessible precipice on the other. Here, then, the Greeks made up their minds to stand. They did not know, till they had marched to Thermopylæ, that behind the pass there was a mountain path, by which soldiers might climb round and over the mountain, and fall upon their rear.

As the sea on the right hand of the Pass of Thermopylæ lies in a narrow strait, bounded by the island of Eubœa, the Greeks thought that their ships would guard their rear and prevent the Persians from landing men to attack it. Their army encamped in the Pass, having wide enough ground to maneuver in, between the narrow northern gateway, so to speak, by which the invaders would try to enter, and a gateway to the south. Their position was also protected by an old military wall, which they repaired.

The Greek general was Leonidas, the Spartan king. He chose three hundred men, all of whom had sons at home to maintain their families and to avenge them if they fell. Now the manner of the Spartans was this: to die rather than yield. However sorely defeated, or overwhelmed by numbers, they never left the ground alive and unvictorious, and as this

was well known, their enemies were seldom eager to attack such resolute fighters.

Besides the Spartans, Leonidas led some three or four thousand men from other cities, and he was joined at Thermopylæ by the Locrians and a thousand Phocians. Perhaps he may have had six or eight thousand soldiers under him, while the Persians may have outnumbered them by the odds of a hundred to one. Why, you may ask, did not the Greeks send a stronger force?

The reason is very characteristic. They were holding their sports at the time, racing, running, boxing, jumping, and they were also about to be engaged in another festival. They would not omit or put off their games, however many thousand barbarians might be knocking at their gates. There is something boyish and something fine in this conduct; but we must remember, too, that the games were a sacred festival, and that the gods might be displeased if the games were omitted.

Leonidas, then, thought that at least he could hold the Pass till the games were over, and his countrymen could join him. But when he found, on arriving at Thermopylæ, that he would have to hold two positions, the Pass itself, and the mountain path, of whose existence he had not been aware, then some of his army wished to return home. But Leonidas refused to let them retreat, and bade the Phocians guard the path across the hills, while he sent home

for reënforcements. He could not desert the people whom he had come to protect. Meanwhile the Greek fleet was also alarmed, but was rescued by a storm which wrecked many of the Persian vessels.

Xerxes was now within sight of Thermopylæ. He sent a horseman forward to spy out the Greek camp, and this man saw the Spartans amusing themselves with running and wrestling, and combing their long hair, outside the wall. They took no notice of him, and he, returning, told Xerxes how few they were, and how unconcerned.

Xerxes then sent for Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta in his camp, and asked what these things meant. "O king!" said Demaratus, "this is what I told you of yore, when you laughed at my words. These men have come to fight you for the Pass, and for that battle they are making ready, for it is our country fashion to comb and tend our hair when we are about to put our heads in peril."

Xerxes would not believe Demaratus. He waited four days, and then, in a rage, bade his best warriors, the Medes and Cissians, bring the Greeks into his presence. The Medes, who were brave men, and had their defeat at Marathon, ten years before, to avenge, fell on; but their spears were short, their shields were thin, and they could not break a way into the stubborn forest of bronze and steel.

In wave upon wave, all day long, they dashed against the Greeks, and left their best lying at the

mouth of the Pass. "Thereby was it made clear to all men, and not least to the king, that men are many, but heroes are few."

Next day Xerxes called on his body-guard, the Ten Thousand Immortals, and they came to close quarters, but got no more glory than the Medes. Thrice the king leaped from his chair in dismay as thrice the Greeks drove the barbarians in rout. And on the third day they had no better fortune.

But there was a man, a Malian, whose name is a scorn to this hour; he was called Ephialtes. He betrayed to Xerxes the secret of the mountain path, probably for money. He later fled to Thessaly with a price on his head; but he returned to Anticyra, and there he was slain by Athenades.

Then Xerxes was glad beyond measure when he heard of the path, and sent his men along the path by night. They found the Phocians guarding it, but the Phocians disgracefully fled to the higher part of the mountain. The Persians, disdainingly to pursue them, marched to the pass behind the Spartan camp, and the Greeks were now surrounded in van and rear.

But news of this had come to Leonidas, and his army was not of one mind as to what they should do. Some were for retreating and abandoning a position which it was now impossible to hold. Leonidas bade them depart; but for him and his countrymen it was not honorable to turn their backs on any foe.

He sent away the soothsayer, or prophet, Meges-

tias, but he returned, and bade his son go home. Thus there remained what was left of the Three Hundred, their personal attendants, seven hundred Thespians, some Thebans, about whose conduct it is difficult to speak with certainty, as accounts differ.

Leonidas, on this last day of his life, did not wait to be attacked in front and rear, but sallying into the open, himself assailed the Persians. They drove the barbarians like cattle with their spears; the captains of the barbarians drove them back on the spears with whips.

Many fell from the path into the sea, and there perished, and many more were trodden down and died beneath the feet of their own companions. But the spears of the Greeks at last broke in their hands, so they drew their swords, and rushed to yet closer quarters.

In this charge fell Leonidas, "the bravest man," says the Greek historian, "of men whose name I know," and he knew the names of all the Three Hundred. Over the body of Leonidas fell the two brothers of Xerxes, for they fought for the corpse, and four times the Greeks drove back the Persians.

Now came up the Persians with the traitor Ephialtes, attacking the Greeks in the rear. Now was their last hour come, so they bore the body of the king within the wall. There they occupied a little mound in a sea of enemies, and there each man fought till he died.

Among them all, none made a better end than Eurytus. He was suffering from a disease of the eyes, but he bade them arm him, and lead him into the thick of the battle. Of another, Dieneceus, it is told, that hearing the arrows of the Persians would darken the sun, he answered, "Good news! we shall fight in the shade." One man only, Aristodemus, who was also suffering from a disease of the eyes, did not join his countrymen, but returned to Sparta. There he was scouted for a coward, but, in the following year, he fell at Plataea, excelling all the Spartans in deeds of valor.

This is the story of the Three Hundred. The marble lion erected where Leonidas fell has perished; and perished has the column engraved with their names; but their glory is immortal.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprang forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

BYRON.

THE SPARTANS' MARCH.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was born in Liverpool, England, Sept. 25, 1793. At the age of eight years she wrote her earliest rhymes. When she was fifteen she published a volume of verse. Other poets—as Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning—have spoken in terms of exquisite appreciation of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. Various of her poems have become very familiar by reason of the use of them in school books and in collections of miscellaneous verse.

She died at Redesdale, near Dublin, Ireland, May 16, 1835.



'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines,
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland goddess poured?
Did virgin-hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out ;
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,
Rang with no battle-shout !

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high ;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
Sent forth Æolian breath ;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death !

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man ; also it may be said there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

CARLYLE.

GREECE.

GEORGE GORDON NOËL BYRON, sixth Lord Byron of Rochdale, was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788. The home of his childhood was an ancient manor-house in the region that had been the famed Sherwood Forest. He attended school at Harrow, where he advanced rapidly in his studies and was a chivalrous boy among his mates. In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807 his first book was published. In 1812 came the "Childe Harold," splendid in imagery and descriptive power, giving the author a sudden and well-deserved fame. Later he wrote several oriental tales in verse, other poems of considerable length, eight dramatic pieces, and numerous short poems. Some of the "Hebrew Melodies" are very admirable.



He went to Greece to aid in the struggle for independence; and there, after a brief illness, he died, April 19, 1824.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach thou craven crouching slave:
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this!
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own;

Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace ;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.
What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.

GEORGE GORDON NOËL BYRON.

THE BOYS' VISIT TO THE DOOCOT CAVES.

HUGH MILLER was born at Cromarty, Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802. Even in childhood he showed a fondness for the works of the great English writers of prose and verse. Beginning when he was seventeen, he worked for many years at the trade of stone mason, devoting the winter months to study. The employment in which he was engaged led him to take a strong interest in the science of geology. In 1839 he began the editing of a newspaper, and in its columns were first printed the articles on geology which eventually made up his book, "The Old Red Sandstone." He wrote many other valuable books, a number of which were published after his death.

He died Dec. 23, 1856.



It was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that, with its stern granitic wall, bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Dooocot; and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed and the cave so near.

The tide was low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry shod, it behooved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap tides at the period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water with my uncles not a great many days before, and we both inferred that if we but suc-

ceeded in getting round now, it would be a pleasure to wait among the caves inside till such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked toe and the toe nail, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it; and then, crawling outward on all fours, — the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below, — we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin, we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet. Adown we both dropped, proud of our success; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell. . . . The marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. . . .

The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels, and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices and along the piece of rocky sea beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves dwarf bushes, that told of the blighting influence of the sea spray; the pale yellow honeysuckle, that we had never seen before, save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply shaded

slope that leaned against one of the steeper precipices we detected the sweet-scented woodruff. . . .

There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the over-beetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thundershower, we found the hot, bitter, scurvy grass, with its minute cruciform flowers, which the great Captain Cook had used in his voyages; above all, *there* were the caves with their pigeons, — white, variegated, and blue, — and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone and water became marble. In a short time we had broken off with our hammer whole pocketfuls of stalactites and petrified moss. . . .

It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of even-

ing. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became somber and gray.

The seagull sprang upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant fitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf high on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but neither my companion nor myself had any; and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of our getting farther up; the cliffs had never been scaled before, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair.

“Wouldn’t care for myself,” said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears, “if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?”

"Wouldn't care neither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back water, and we'll get out at twelve."

We retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in one another's arms.

For the last few hours mountainous piles of clouds had been rising dark and stormy in the sea mouth; they had flared portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a somber, thunderous brown, and from somber brown to a doleful black. And we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see.

The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom like distress guns, from the recesses of the two deep-sea caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sank. . . . Toward midnight the sky cleared and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose red as a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down, in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing

among the rocks just where the tide line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory.

A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation crossed my mind. It was not imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week. There was little comfort in the thought, arising, as it did, amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape.

There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and just as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.

The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from amid the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together; but there was no second reply; and, at length, losing hope,

we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had turned again on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward higher and higher at every dash.

As the moon rose and brightened, . . . and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downwards among the crags to the shore ; and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned to the rock and shouted yet again.

The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. . . . And in this belief, when the moon rose and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out.

It was late in the morning ere we reached Cromarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold.

[Abridgment.]

HUGH MILLER.

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE.



ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, England, May 21, 1688. He was a precocious child, and at the age of twelve wrote very respectable verse. His metrical "Essay on Criticism" and his "Essay on Man" (also in verse) gave him high rank as a poet of the time. He translated Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" into rhymed verse, and these books were highly successful. Many of Pope's shorter poems are to be found in books of selected verse.

He died at Twickenham, England, May 30, 1744.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

SIDNEY LANIER (lăn ěr') was born at Macon, Georgia, Feb. 3, 1842. He graduated at Oglethorpe College in 1860. After having served in the Civil War, he became a teacher in Alabama. Subsequently he studied law, and practiced in Macon. The Centennial Ode for the Exposition of 1876 was written by him. He was a skillful musician and a fine poet. At Johns Hopkins University he gave two courses of lectures defining the relations between music and verse. He wrote several books, three of which were published after his death. They include a volume of poems edited by his wife. He died at Lynn, North Carolina, Sept. 7, 1881.



Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
 The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little weeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone,
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone —
 Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst, —
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call,
 Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,

And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN GEORGIA.

A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk abroad in its prodigal beauty, to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the exquisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasons in the wonderful day. The fires slept in drowsy grates, while the people, marveling outdoors, watched the soft winds woo the roses and the lilies. . . .

God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light, and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness, unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was His invocation and promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

HEALTH.



HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE was born at Cold Spring, New York, Dec. 13, 1845. He graduated at Williams College. During several years he was engaged in the practice of law in New York City, and afterward entered the profession of journalism. He is now distinguished as editor, essayist, and critic. Among his published books are "Norse Stories," several volumes of graceful essays, and a *Life of Shakespeare*.

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It is a deep and sound instinct which leads the man who has lost his health back to Nature. . . . There is no medicine so potent as the sweet breath and the sweeter seclusion of the woods; there is no tonic like a free life under the open sky. Insanity goes out of one's blood when the song of the pines is in one's ears and the rustle of leaves under one's feet.

In the silence of the woods health waits like an invisible goddess, swift to divide her stores with every one who has faith enough to come to the shrine.

And upon health in the fundamental sense depends the power of seeing clearly, or feeling freshly, and of producing continuously. For health means

harmony of life with the fundamental laws; the accord between man and Nature which keeps him in touch with the sources of power.

The man who is smitten with disease in mind or character often creates beautiful things; but his production is sporadic and limited. He is out of relation with the vital forces; out of sympathy with the life of men in its deeper and nobler aspects.

It is at this point and for this reason that great art and fundamental morals are bound together in indissoluble bonds. The universe is not an accident, and man's life in it is not a matter of chance. The world and man are under the rule of certain laws which are not arbitrarily imposed by a superior power, but which are wrought into the very fiber of things.

The artist who persistently violates those laws is not breaking a series of conventional rules; he is violating his own nature, severing the vital ties which unite him to his fellows, filling up the channels through which power flows to him, and steadily diminishing his creative and productive energy.

When disease assails the body, it invariably diminishes the working force in some direction; when it fastens upon the character, it saps the strength which is essential to long-sustained and heroic tasks. A man cannot do the work of Dante, Michael Angelo, or Shakespeare if he lacks a clear

head, a vigorous will, or a steady hand. Moral sanity, health of soul, lie at the foundation of a great career in the higher fields of activity. To bear the fruits of life year after year, as the trees bear their fruits and the fields their grain, one must have that divine health which nature distills in the woods or in the air of the great seas.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

THE DANDELIONS.

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet at dawn their yellow coats
On the green slope paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot ;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the selfsame spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter ;
When, well-a-day ! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after !

HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE FAIRY'S SONG

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats, spots you see ;
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NIAGARA.

We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity.

When we were seated in the little ferryboat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to see what it was ; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—great heaven ! on what

a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one— instant and lasting— of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses ceased to beat, forever.

Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see

the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river, as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke.

But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge — light — came rushing on creation at the word of God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A SUMMER DAY.



DONALD GRANT MITCHELL was born at Norwich, Connecticut, April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale College. Fifty years have passed since, under the pen name "Ik Marvel," he first published "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor," but those graceful books have not lost their attractiveness. In 1853 he served as United States consul in Venice; subsequently he was for two years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine. He has written charming books of various kinds, and has edited in twenty volumes a series of selections from English literature.

Two days since I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousands of eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away; and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past I have been lying this blessed summer morning upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood.

Dear old stream! unchanging, unfaltering, with no harsher notes now than then, never growing old, smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools, I love you as I love a friend.

But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farmhouse.

The window blinds are closed; but some few of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late-blossoming white azalea, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances (as the breeze moves the branches) upon the oaken floor of the farmhouse.

Through one little gap indeed I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades, and can just catch floating on the air the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.

Here and there a lark, scared from its feeding place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sings to the swaying twigs.

I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, a tyrant kingbird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear tree, and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then with a smack of his bill resumes his predatory watch.

A chicken or two lie in the sun, with a wing and a leg stretched out, lazily picking at the gravel, or relieving their ennui from time to time with a spas-

modic rustle of their feathers. An old, matronly hen stalks about the yard with a sedate step, and with quiet self-assurance she utters an occasional series of hoarse and heated "clucks." A speckled turkey, with an astonished brood at her heels, is eying curiously, and with earnest variations of the head, a full-fed cat that lies curled up and dozing upon the floor of the cottage porch.

As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen, the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills.

The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunderclouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon. The light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window.

The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for its coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drift under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and like swift-working, golden ropes, that lift it toward the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growing thunder seems like the rumble of pulleys.

I thrust away my azalea boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet, and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an

instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops of gold, that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount; and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow, and the loiterers come straggling after with rakes upon their shoulders. The matronly hen has retreated to the stable door; and the brood of turkeys stand dressing their feathers under the open shed.

Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves; and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast.

There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind even seems weary and faint, and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree toad, doling out his lugubrious notes.

Now comes a blinding flash from the cloud, and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then — like great grief spending its pent agony in tears — come the big drops of rain pattering on the lawn and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me, — not now with the light dance of the spring shower, but with strong footfalls, like the first proud tread of youth!

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

BEDTIME IN MIDWINTER.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, Dec. 17, 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. The early years of the poet were passed on the farm of his father and in occupations incident to it. From 1829 to 1832 he successively edited three periodical publications. In 1831 his first book of poems was published, and at infrequent intervals, during his long life, other volumes came from his hand. He often wrote in strains of spiritual devotion; his personal poems are tenderly beautiful; his legends of New England are aptly

descriptive and true in touch. The "Snow-Bound" must always remain a perfect picture of scenes and times such as are now hardly known.

He died Sept. 7, 1892.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow :
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. . . .

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,

Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
. . . And while with care our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made the very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board nails snapping in the frost ;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snowflakes fall.

But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new ;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.



JOHN TYNDALL was born at Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, Aug. 21, 1820. He pursued scientific studies in Germany. Three years he was a railway engineer. In 1848, at Marburg, Prussia, he studied physics and chemistry. In 1856 he was made professor in the Royal Institution of London. He has written several books on scientific subjects and thus contributed much to the world's knowledge. He is also author of entertaining and instructive books of travel. He died in Surrey, England, Dec. 4, 1893. The present selection is taken from "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," and is used by courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

The dawn had brightened into perfect day, and over mountains and glaciers the gold and purple light of the eastern heaven was liberally poured. We had already caught sight of the peak of the Jungfrau, rising behind an eminence and piercing for fifty feet or so the rosy dawn.

And many another peak of stately altitude caught the blush, while the shaded slopes were all of a beautiful azure, being illuminated by the firmament alone. A large segment of space inclosed between the Monk and Trugberg was filled like a reservoir with purple light. The world, in fact, seemed to worship, and the flush of adoration was on every mountain head.

Over the distant Italian Alps rose clouds of most

fantastic forms, jutting forth into the heavens like enormous trees, thrusting out umbrageous branches which bloomed and glistened in the solar rays. Along the whole southern heaven these fantastic masses were ranged close together, but still perfectly isolated, until on reaching a certain altitude they seemed to meet a region of wind which blew their tops like streamers far away through the air. Warmed and tinted by the morning sun those unsubstantial masses rivaled in grandeur the mountains themselves.

The final peak of the Jungfrau is now before us, and apparently *so* near! But the mountaineer alone knows how delusive the impression of nearness often is in the Alps.

To reach the slope which led up to the peak we must scale or round the barrier already spoken of. From the coping and the ledges of this beautiful wall hung long stalactites of ice, in some cases like inverted spears, with their sharp points free in air. In other cases, the icicles which descended from the overhanging top reached a projecting lower ledge, and stretched like a crystal railing from the one to the other.

To the right of this barrier was a narrow gangway, from which the snow had not yet broken away so as to form a vertical or overhanging wall. It was one of those accidents which the mountains seldom fail to furnish, and on the existence of which the success

of the climber entirely depends. Up this steep and narrow gangway we cut our steps, and a few minutes placed us safely at the bottom of the final pyramid of the Jungfrau. . . .

The work upon this final ice slope was long and heavy, and during this time the summit appeared to maintain its distance above us. We at length cleared the ice, and gained a stretch of snow which enabled us to treble our upward speed. Thence to some loose and shingly rocks, again to snow, whence a sharp edge led directly to the top. The exhilaration of success was here added to that derived from physical nature.

On the top fluttered a little black flag, planted by our most recent predecessors. . . . The snow was flattened on either side of the apex so as to enable us to stand upon it, and here we stood for some time, with all the magnificence of the Alps unrolled before us.

We may look upon those mountains again and again from a dozen different points of view, a perennial glory surrounds them which associates with every new prospect fresh impressions. I thought I had scarcely ever seen the Alps to greater advantage. Hardly ever was their majesty more fully revealed or more overpowering.

The coloring of the air contributed as much to the effect as the grandeur of the masses on which that coloring fell. A calm splendor overspread the mountains, softening the harshness of the outline, without

detracting from their strength. But half the interest of such scenes is psychological; the soul takes the tint of surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic. And as I looked over this wondrous scene toward Mont Blanc, and the thousand lesser peaks which seemed to join in celebration of the risen day, I asked myself, as on previous occasions: How was this colossal work performed? Who chiseled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth?

And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty — with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him — the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain slopes, thus giving gravity a plow to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty monuments, rolling them gradually seaward, sowing the “dust of continents to be”; so that the people of an older earth may see mold spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau.

JOHN TYNDALL.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains:
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

BYRON.

INVOCATION TO MIRTH.



JOHN MILTON was born in London, Dec. 9, 1608. He has himself said that he was destined from infancy to the study of polite literature. At the age of ten years he first wrote verse. At Cambridge University he gained high honors as scholar and poet. He graduated in 1632. Excessive application to literary pursuits produced a weakness of the eyes, and in 1653 he became totally blind. Notwithstanding this misfortune he wrote, by dictation, his great epic poem, the "Paradise Lost," and other works, in prose and verse, all of a high order. Many of his shorter poems are marvels of

melodious diction, and contain lines that have become proverbial for their beauty.

He died Nov. 8, 1674.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nod, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine : . . .
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the vale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide. . . .

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

JOHN MILTON.

THE TURTLE.



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, of French-Spanish descent, was born in New Orleans, May 4, 1780. While yet a child he showed an absorbing interest in birds, and the best years of his life were devoted to observing, painting, and describing them. His "Birds of America" is a work of unexampled elaborateness and beauty. It was received with the highest approval in this country and in Europe. He published also "The Quadrupeds of North America," and a book of "Personal Recollections."

He died in New York, Jan. 27, 1851.

On first nearing the shores, and mostly on fine calm moonlight nights, the turtle raises her head above the water, being still distant thirty or forty yards from the beach, looks around her, and attentively examines the objects on the shore. Should she observe nothing likely on the shore to disturb her intended operations, she emits a loud hissing sound, by which such of her enemies as are unaccustomed to it are startled, and so are apt to remove to another place, although unseen by her.

Should she hear any noise, or perceive indications of danger, she instantly sinks and goes off to a considerable distance; but should everything be quiet, she advances slowly towards the beach, crawls over it, her head raised to the full stretch of her neck,

and when she has reached a place fitted for her purpose she gazes all round in silence.

Finding "all's well," she proceeds to form a hole in the sand, which she effects by removing it from under her body with her hind flappers, scooping it out with so much dexterity that the sides seldom if ever fall in. The sand is raised alternately with each flapper, as with a large ladle, until it has accumulated behind her, when supporting herself with her head and forepart on the ground fronting her body, she, with a spring from each flapper, sends the sand around her, scattering it to a distance of several feet. In this manner the hole is dug to the depth of eighteen inches, or sometimes more than two feet. This labor I have seen performed in the short period of nine minutes.

The eggs are then dropped one by one, and disposed in regular layers to the number of a hundred and fifty, or sometimes two hundred. The whole time spent in this part of the operation may be about twenty minutes. She now scrapes the loose sand back over the eggs, and so levels and smooths the surface, that few persons on seeing the spot could imagine anything had been done to it. This accomplished to her mind, she retreats to the water with all possible dispatch, leaving the hatching of the eggs to the heat of the sand.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE RIVER.



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE was born in Charleston, South Carolina, Jan. 1, 1830. He graduated from Charleston College in 1850, and then studied law; but almost immediately he turned to literary and editorial work. His first volume of poems appeared in 1855; it showed the high poetic standards and the delicacy of feeling that characterize his poems. He was "a genuine singer." During the Civil War his martial songs were popular. Through the latter part of his life he suffered much hardship and ill-health.

He died July 6, 1886.

Up among the dew-lit fallows
 Slight but fair it took its rise,
 And through rounds of golden shallows
 Brightened under broadening skies. . . .
 Round in graceful flights the swallows
 Dipped and soared and soaring sang,
 And in bays and reed-bound hollows,
 How earth's wild sweet voices rang!
 Till the strong, swift, glorious river
 Seemed with mightier pulse to run,
 Thus to roll and rush forever,
 Laughing in the sun.

Nay; a something born of shadow
 Slowly crept the landscape o'er,—
 Something weird o'er wave and meadow,
 Something cold o'er stream and shore;
 While on birds that gleamed or chanted,
 Stole gray gloom and silence grim,

And the troubled wave-heart panted,
And the smiling heavens waxed dim,
And from far strange spaces seaward,
Out of dreamy cloud-lands dun,
Came a low gust moaning leeward,
Chilling leaf and sun.

Then, from gloom to gloom intenser,
On the laboring streamlet rolled,
Where from cloud-racks gathered denser,
Hark ! the ominous thunder knolled !
While like ghosts that flit and shiver,
Down the mists, from out the blast.
Spectral pinions crossed the river,
Spectral voices wailing passed !
Till the fierce tides, rising starkly,
Blended, towering into one
Mighty wall of blackness, darkly
Quenching sky and sun !

Thence, to softer scenes it wandered,
Scents of flowers and airs of balm,
And methought the streamlet pondered,
Conscious of the blissful calm ;
Slow it wound now, slow and slower,
By still stream and ripply bight,
And the voice of waves sank lower,
Laden, languid with delight ;
In and out the cordial river
Strayed in peaceful curves that won
Glory from the great Life-Giver,
Beauty from the sun !

Thence again with quaintest ranges,
 On the fateful streamlet rolled
Through unnumbered, nameless changes,
 Shade and sunshine, gloom and gold,
Till the tides, grown sad and weary,
 Longed to meet the mightier main,
And their low-toned *miserere*
 Mingled with his grand refrain ;
Oh, the lapsing, languid river
 Weak of pulse and soft of tune, —
Lo ! the sun hath set forever,
 Lo ! the ghostly moon !

But thenceforth through moon and starlight
 Sudden-swift the streamlet's sweep ;
Yearning for the misty far-light,
 Pining for the solemn deep ;
While the old strength gathers o'er it,
 While the old voice rings sublime,
And in pallid mist before it,
 Fade the phantom shows of time, —
Till with one last eddying quiver,
 All its checkered journey done,
Seaward breaks the ransomed river,
 Goal and grave are won !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

[Used by courtesy of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.]

ACTION

In this world there is no thriving place for idleness. The unoccupied and the purposeless man, however seemingly favored by fortune, has no foothold among the men of his generation. He is brought into no combination of usefulness, . . . he finds no sympathy; he is a feather upon the wind, a bubble upon the wave. . . .

The noblest spirits of this earth, those who have toiled in greatest pain and amid most formidable perils for the achievement of the highest results towards human happiness, have ever been men who had smallest care for themselves; men who have set a great unselfish purpose before them, and bestowed upon its accomplishment that labor which shrank not before the weariness of incessant application, nor before pain, nor danger, nor even death.

Let us not, therefore, suppose that any condition of affluence exempts us from the common lot which has been apportioned to all men faithful to their duty here — to work. Man has an infinite capacity; genius to invent, impulse and motive to excite him, hand to execute all and everything that may spread prosperity and power around him. His mind is an alembic, ever distilling good thoughts, and converting fancies and desires into forms for use and action. To that seething of the mind idleness is death.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

[From "Kennedy At Home and Abroad." Used by courtesy of G. P. Putman's Sons.]

A PRISONER OF THE BASTILLE.

[Doctor Alexander Manette, a physician of Paris, has been confined for eighteen years in the Bastille, because, in his professional capacity, he had become acquainted with the secret crimes of a noble family.]

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark ; for the window of dormer shape was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street ; unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way.

Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything ; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret ; for, with his back toward the door, and his face toward the window where the keeper of the wine shop stood

looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

“Good day!” said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:—

“Good day!”

“You are still hard at work, I see.”

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, “Yes—I am working.” This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago.

So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice that it affected the senses like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveler, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again:—not with any

interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood, was not yet empty.

“I want,” said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, “to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?”

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him; then upward at the speaker.

“What did you say?”

“You can bear a little more light?”

“I must bear it, if you let it in.” (Laying the palest shadow of stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little farther, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman, with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long; a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. . . . His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn.

He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes had, in long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

“What did you say?”

“Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?” asked Defarge, motioning Mr. Lorry to come forward.

“What did you say?”

“Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?”

“I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know.”

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it, and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

“You have a visitor, you see,” said Monsieur Defarge.

“What did you say?”

“Here is a visitor.”

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

“Come!” said Defarge. “Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur.”

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

“Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker’s name.”

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:—

“I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?”

“I said, couldn’t you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur’s information?”

“It is a lady’s shoe. It is a young lady’s walking shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand.” He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

“And the maker’s name?” said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment’s intermission.

“Did you ask me for my name?”

“ Assuredly I did.”

“ One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

“ Is that all ? ”

“ One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

“ You are not a shoemaker by trade ? ” said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him ; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

“ I am not a shoemaker by trade ? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I — I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to — ”

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. . . .

“ I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty, after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since.”

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face : —

“ Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me ? ”

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

“ Monsieur Manette,” — Mr. Lorry laid his hand

upon Defarge's arm, — "do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but, they had been there.

And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which had at first been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extending toward him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope — so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen upon him in his place. He looked at the two less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep, long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

“Have you recognized him, monsieur?” asked Defarge, in a whisper.

“Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face of one that I once knew well. Hush! let us draw farther back. Hush!”

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labor.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say:—

“What is this?”

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

“You are not the jailer’s daughter?”

She sighed “No.”

“Who are you?”

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of this action he went astray and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this carefully on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair; not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be? When was it? How was it?"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to be conscious that it was hers, too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower, they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' These were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this? *Was it you?*"

Once more the spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move."

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a

frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoe-making did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

“No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was — and He was — before the slow years of the North Tower — ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?”

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

“Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you here and now is, that I pray you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! Oh my dear, my dear!”

His cold, white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him.

“If you hear in my voice — I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is — if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that was once sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it!”

“If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!”

She held him close round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

“If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come to take you from it, to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it!

“And if, when I shall tell you my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father, and implore his pardon for having never striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me!

“Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God!”

CHARLES DICKENS.

IF ALL THE SKIES.

HENRY VAN DYKE was born in Germantown (now a part of Philadelphia), Nov. 10, 1852. He graduated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, 1869; at Princeton College, 1873; at the Princeton Theological Seminary, 1877; and at the University of Berlin, Germany, 1878. He was twenty-two years a clergyman: in Newport, Rhode Island, and in the city of New York. Since the year 1900 he has been professor of English literature at Princeton University. His writings, in prose and in verse, are graceful, wholesome, vigorous, and inspiring. He touches nothing that he does not adorn; therefore, among his pages the intelligent reader is not likely to go amiss.



This poem is from "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

If all the skies were sunshine,
 Our faces would be fain
 To feel once more upon them
 The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
 Our hearts would often long
 For one sweet strain of silence,
 To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
 Our souls would seek relief,
 And rest from weary laughter
 In the quiet arms of grief.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

MUSIC.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in the month of April, 1564. Concerning his childhood not much is accurately known. It is probable that such education as he had was obtained at the free school in his native town. At the age of twenty-eight he was an actor in London and had begun the writing of plays. The first of these dates about the year 1590. He produced, in all, thirty-seven dramas. "Hamlet," "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Cæsar" are among his greater plays. Shakespeare wrote also two narrative poems and a series of noble sonnets. In comedy, in tragedy, and in the historical drama he far surpassed all other poets.



He died April 23, 1616, at the place of his birth.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music.

Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature ;
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm ;
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please,
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

POPE.

THE FOOTPATH.

JOHN BURROUGHS was born at Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. His childhood and youth were passed on a farm and there he indulged that love of Nature which has resulted in delighting and instructing hosts of readers. Each of his successive books has held a fresh charm. No one can go amiss among them. He observes closely and describes aptly both animate and inanimate nature.



When I was a youth and went to school with my brothers we had a footpath a mile long. On going from home after leaving the highway there was a descent through a meadow, then through a large maple and beech wood, then through a long stretch of rather barren pasture land which brought us to the creek in the valley, which we crossed on a slab or a couple of rails from the near fence; then more meadow land with a neglected orchard, and then the little gray schoolhouse itself toeing the highway.

In winter our course was a hard, beaten path in the snow visible from afar, and in summer a well-defined trail. In the woods it wore the roots of the trees. It steered for the gaps or low places in the fences, and avoided the bogs and swamps in the meadow. I can recall yet the very look, the very physiognomy

of a large birch tree that stood beside it in the midst of the woods ; it sometimes tripped me up with a large root it sent out like a foot.

Neither do I forget the little spring run near by where we frequently paused to drink, and gathered "crinkle" root (*Dentaria*) in the early summer ; nor the dilapidated log fence that was the highway of the squirrels ; nor the ledges to one side, whence in early spring the coon sallied forth and crossed our path ; nor the gray, scabby rocks in the pasture, nor the solitary tree, nor the old weather-worn stump ; no, nor the creek in which I plunged one winter morning in attempting to leap its swollen current.

But the path served only one generation of school children ; it faded out more than thirty years ago, and the feet that made it are widely scattered, while some have found the path that leads through the Valley of the Shadow. Almost the last words of one of these schoolboys, then a man grown, seemed as if he might have had this very path in mind, and thought himself again returning to his father's house. "I must hurry," he said ; "I have a long way to go up a hill and through a dark wood, and it will soon be night."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

JOHN HAY was born in Salem, Indiana, Oct. 8, 1838. He graduated at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1858. He studied the law at Springfield, Illinois, and was there admitted to practice. After serving several years as private secretary to President Lincoln, he occupied, successively, various diplomatic positions in Europe. In 1887 he was appointed ambassador to Great Britain. Under the administrations of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt he was Secretary of State. In this position he won great renown as a diplomatist. He was an eloquent orator, co-author of a life of Lincoln, and a writer of graceful prose and verse.



He died near Newbury, New Hampshire, July 1, 1905.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither poor nor rich, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate body or mind.

His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright; without pretension and without

humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself: wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible that they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in their weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization, with which they burned to do battle.

The moral value to a nation of a renown such as Washington's and Lincoln's and McKinley's is beyond all computation. No loftier ideal can be held up to the emulation of ingenuous youth. Grateful as we may be for what they did, let us be still more grateful for what they were. While our daily being, our public policies, still feel the influence of their work, let us pray that in our spirits their lives may be voluble, calling us upward and onward.

JOHN HAY.

THE ATTACK OF A WILD BOAR.

ALFRED JOHN CHURCH was born in London, January 29, 1829. He graduated at Oxford University in 1851. For several years he was a clergyman. Then he became a teacher successively in several schools, and at length a professor in the University of London. He is the author of a large number of valuable works, many of which deal with classical themes.



The time is the early morning of a day towards the end of February, when the short winter of Southern Greece is nearing its end. A young man and a girl are watching the sun as it rises from behind the snow-capped hills of Arcadia. Their father attends them and is approaching slowly along the hillside path.

“Ho, youngsters!” he cries, “have you no pity on an old man that you climb the hill at so merciless a pace? . . . Rhodium (this, meaning Little Rose, was the girl’s name), you are as swift of foot as Atalanta. But let us halt awhile, and wait for Sciton and the dogs.”

The spot where they stood was one of remarkable beauty. Just below them was the wooded valley up the eastern side of which they had climbed, with a river showing here and there its gleaming pools

amongst the trees and brushwood. Behind was a long stretch of forest, still full—as in the days of the old soldier and sportsman who had once been the owner of the place—of game, great and small.

On the east rose, ridge over ridge, the mountains of Arcadia. In front was the most famous place in Greece, the plain of Olympia, with its river, its groves of plane and olive, and its temples and treasure-houses just catching on their gilded roofs the first rays of morning.

It was a view of which the father and his children were never weary; still they had not come to look at the prospect. A glance at their dress and equipment will show that they have a more practical purpose. The elder of the two men has a stout hunting spear, with a broad point, in his hand, the younger a staff and a sling in his girdle, an implement with which he is singularly expert, being able to hit a flying bird of moderate size not less than nine times out of ten.

Even the girl is prepared for the chase. A light bow is slung at her side; over her left shoulder hangs a quiver gayly adorned with purple and gold; meant, we may perhaps guess, for ornament rather than for use; for, huntress as she is, she has a woman's heart, and loves all beasts, both great and small.

They have not waited long before Sciton comes up with the dogs in two leashes. There are four of them, not unlike the beagles of the present time, but stouter

in build, somewhat bow-legged, and with curiously long ears.

“I have set the nets, sir,” said Sciton, “one between the two rocks at the south end of the wood, the other in the old place by the spring. A hare has been there, I could see, not later than last night.”

The party now moved forward about a hundred yards, till they came to the edge of the wood. Here the dogs were uncoupled, and the search for game began, the animals, encouraged by Sciton, who acted as huntsman, searching the thick brushwood in the most methodical way. The party had not to wait long. In a few minutes' time a short bark was heard, soon taken up by other voices.

“Diana be thanked!” cries the young man; “that was Wardour's voice. He has found something, and something worth hunting. I never knew him to be taken in.”

In a moment the hounds are in full cry, heading away — it may be guessed from the direction of their voices — for the wildest part of the wood.

“You had best stay here, Rhodium,” says Lucius Marius, “the country yonder is too rough for you to follow. But very likely the hare will double back this way. Don't wait too long for us; if we are not back by the time that the sun gets behind the pine tree yonder, make the best of your way home. I shall leave the hunting spear here. Don't trouble

yourself about it. Some one shall come for it if we should not come back this way."

The girl was not in the least disconcerted at being thus left alone; nor did she seem likely to be dull. Her first care was to gather two large bunches of flowers, one of violets, blue and white, the other of anemones and narcissus. Her mother always expected her to bring home at least this spoil from her hunting.

This done, she took a scroll from a fold in her tunic, and seating herself under a lime tree that was just bursting into leaf, prepared herself to read; for reading was at least as dear to her as hunting. She was soon engrossed in her book, — one which she knew almost by heart, but of which she was never tired, — the story of how Sparta and Athens, with more than half of Greece false or indifferent, turned back the hosts of the Persians.

She had been engaged thus for about an hour, closing her book every now and then to dream of what she might be if the old days could come back, when the silence was broken by a faint sound in the distance. The hunt, it seemed, was coming back. It grew louder as she listened till she could distinguish, she thought, the voices of her father and brother as they cheered on the dogs.

But what is this that comes crashing through the bushes? Manifestly it is something larger than a hare. Is it a stag, or possibly, for such visitants are

not unknown, even close to the house, a bear or a wild boar?

She is not long left in doubt. A boar, one of the largest of his kind, with shining white tusks at least nine inches long, the bristles on his back erect with rage, his small eyes shining with a fiery green light, bursts out of the thicket. She sees that he is making straight for her, and there is just a hundred yards of open ground between the wood and the seat under the tree before he is upon her.

The brave girl showed herself worthy of her race. An observer might have seen that her face was a little paler than its wont, but that her eyes flashed with a fire that no one would have thought hidden in their violet depths.

She sounded the whistle that hung from her neck three times, the usual signal of urgent need. Then catching at her father's hunting spear, with an inward thanksgiving to the gods that had inspired him with the thought of leaving it, she prepared to receive the attack. Kneeling on one knee, she planted the end of the spear on the ground and rested the haft on her leg, holding it firmly with both hands, so that the point was about two feet from the ground. She had small hope of being able to stop the brute's charge, but she might check it for a few moments, and meanwhile, though it was but a slender hope, her whistle might have brought help.

The boar was now close upon her, but she saw

with delight that two of the dogs were in close pursuit. The animal, blinded with rage, charged full upon the spear. Held in the sinewy, practiced hands of a hunter it might have pierced him to the heart; as it was, she had pointed it too high, and of course had not held it with sufficient strength, and it made only a slight wound in the monster's tough hide.

But it did her a more useful service in a quite unexpected way. When the rush of the brute pushed aside the point, the shaft caught her on the side and threw her on the ground—somewhat roughly, it is true, but at least out of the direct path of the enemy.

The moment's delay was worth everything. The dogs were now upon him, biting fiercely at his hocks. He turned first upon one assailant, then upon the other, and inflicted rather an ugly wound on Wardour, who was older and less nimble than his comrade. Meanwhile, Rhodium, who had received no worse hurt from her tumble than a little loss of breath, recovered her spear and prepared to resume her attitude of defense.

Happily it was not needed. Her brother, who was unmatched for speed in all the countryside, had been but a few yards behind the dogs, and now appeared upon the scene. He had, indeed, a dangerous task to do, such as no hunter would venture on save under the pressure of the most urgent need. He had no available weapon but his long hunting knife, and if he

failed to drive that home at the first blow, his own chance of life was small.

Fortunately the boar was busily engaged with the dogs, which were attacking him in front, and did not notice the hunter's approach. He seized the opportunity, and drove the knife with all his might behind the near fore leg. No second stroke was needed, as none could certainly have been given. The fierce brute, with one great shudder, fell dead upon its side.

ALFRED J. CHURCH.

TO-DAY.

To-day's most trivial acts may hold the seed
Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth;
Oh, cherish always every word and deed!
The simplest record of thyself hath worth.

If thou hast ever slighted one old thought,
Beware lest Grief enforce the truth at last;
The time must come wherein thou shalt be taught
The value and the beauty of the Past.

Not merely as a warner and a guide,
"A voice behind thee," sounding to the strife;
But something never to be put aside,
A part and parcel of thy present life.

HENRY TIMROD.

ON CONVICTION OF HIGH TREASON.



ROBERT EMMET was born in Dublin, Ireland, 1780. He studied at Trinity College, and there obtained high rank ; but he was expelled for his avowed republicanism. He then engaged in an attempt to gain independence for his country. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to die upon the gallows. The present extract is taken from his speech before the court that sentenced him. He died Sept. 20, 1803. His countryman, Thomas Moore, has celebrated, in an exquisite lyric, the fate of this heroic youth and the woman who was to have been his wife.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor ; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views ; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad ; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor ; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold

of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to repel it? No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven.

Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink

into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence.

Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. . . .

ROBERT EMMET.

GREAT TRUTHS AND GREAT SOULS.

Great truths are portion of the soul of man ;
 Great souls are portions of Eternity ;
 Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
 With lofty message, ran for thee and me ;
 For God's law, since the starry song began,
 Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
 That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
 Must spur the soul to be erect and free ;
 Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung ;
 Too many noble souls have thought and died,
 Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
 And our good Saxon, from lips purified
 With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
 Too long, to have God's holy cause denied.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

RECESSIONAL.

RUDYARD KIPLING was born at Bombay, India, 1863, of English parentage. He was educated in England. Returning thence to his native country, he became a contributor to the daily press. In 1889 he went to live in England again. He has written much prose and several volumes of verse. By his vigorous and graphic stories of life in India he first attracted the attention of many readers, and each successive book, whether in prose or verse, has been heartily welcomed in England and in America. His "Jungle Books" are unique works of the imagination and are delightful to the young, for whom they were written.



God of our fathers, known of old —
 Lord of our far-flung battle line —
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away —
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A HURRICANE AT SEA.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, Jan. 19, 1809. His parents having died in his childhood, his adoptive father took the boy to England, and there, during five years, he studied at Stoke-Newington. Returning to America, he continued his education a year at the University of Virginia. In 1827 he published a volume of poems, and, in 1829, an enlarged edition. In 1835 he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and subsequently conducted *Graham's Magazine*. He is the author of many weird tales skillfully told, of many critical reviews, and of numerous poems charming in melody and unique in construction. By some discriminating readers he is regarded as the greatest of American poets. His works, in prose and verse, have been many times reprinted.



He died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849.

The present selection is taken from "A Manuscript found in a Bottle."

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as a passenger, having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to

beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some small grabs¹ of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular isolated cloud to the northwest. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girting in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach.

My notice was soon after attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms.

The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the after-deck without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go.

¹ grab ; a kind of Arab ship.

No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below — not without a presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a simoom. I told the captain my fears, but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply.

My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolutions of a mill wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its center. In the next instant a wilderness of foam hurled the ship upon its beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire deck from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and the rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was at first struck with the idea that we were among

breakers ; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed.

After a while I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck had been swept overboard ; the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down.

Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The framework of the stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury. But to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind ; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay, well believing that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue.

But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely soon to be verified. For five entire days and nights the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which without equaling the first violence of the simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered.

Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed, too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony.

Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves, as well as possible, to the stump of the mizzenmast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross; at times we became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery deep, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.¹

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when

¹ kraken; a fabled sea monster.

a scream from my companion broke upon the night. "See! see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "See! see!" As he spoke I became aware of a dull sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood.

At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship, of perhaps four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line in existence.

Her hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns which swung to and fro about her rigging.

But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity; then trembled and tottered, and — came down.

[Abridgment.]

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE SHIPWRECK OF ULYSSES.

HOMER, the Greek epic poet and supposed author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, is now believed to have been born in the eighth century, B.C. The exact date and the true place of his birth are unknown. It appears to be true that he was a wandering minstrel and very poor; so that it has been said of him:—

“Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roof to shroud his head.”

Yet, like our own Shakespeare, “he was not for an age, but for all time.”

Though the language of the Homeric poems is exceedingly simple, yet they are regarded as the most graceful of all poetic writings.



At the stern of his solitary ship Ulysses sat, and steered right artfully. No sleep could seize his eyelids. He beheld the Pleiads, the Bear which by some is called the Wain, that moves round about Orion, and keeps still above the ocean, and the slow-setting sign Boötēs, which some name the Wagoner.

Seventeen days had he held his course, and on the eighteenth the coast of Phæacia was in sight. The figure of the land, as seen from the sea, was pretty and circular, and looked something like a shield.

Neptune, returning from visiting his favorite Æthiopians, from the mountains of Solymi, descried Ulysses plowing the waves, his domain. The sight

of the man he so much hated for the sake of Polyphemus, his son, whose eyes Ulysses had put out, set the god's heart on fire, and snatching into his hand his horrid sea scepter, the trident of his power, he smote the air and the sea, and conjured up all his black storms, calling down night from the cope of heaven, and taking earth into the sea, as it seemed, with clouds, through the darkness and indistinctness which prevailed, the billows rolling up before the fury of the winds that contended together in their mighty sport.

Then the knees of Ulysses bent with fear, and then all his spirit was spent, and he wished that he had been among the number of his countrymen who fell before Troy, and had their funerals celebrated by all the Greeks, rather than to perish thus, where no man could mourn or know him.

As he thought these melancholy thoughts, a huge wave took him and washed him overboard, ship and all upset among the billows, he struggling afar off, clinging to her stern broken off which he yet held, her mast cracking in two with the fury of that gust of mixed winds that struck it. Sails and sailyards fell into the deep, and he himself was long drowned under water, nor could get his head above, wave so met with wave, as if they strove which should depress him most; and the gorgeous garments given him by Calypso clung about him, and hindered his swimming.

Yet neither for this, nor for the overthrow of his ship, nor his own perilous condition, would he give up the drenched vessel ; but, wrestling with Neptune, got at length hold of her again, and then sat in her hulk, exulting over death, which he had escaped, and the salt waves which he gave the sea again to give to other men: his ship, striving to live, floated at random, cuffed from wave to wave, hurled to and fro by all the winds: now Boreas tossed it to Notus, Notus passed it to Eurus, and Eurus to the West Wind, who kept up the horrid tennis.

Them in mad sport Ino Leucothea beheld ; Ino Leucothea, now a sea goddess, but once a mortal and the daughter of Cadmus ; she with pity beheld Ulysses the mark of their fierce contention, and rising from the waves alighted on the ship, in shape like to the sea bird which is called the cormorant, and in her beak she held a wonderful girdle made of seaweeds which grow at the bottom of the ocean.

This girdle she dropped at his feet ; and the bird spoke to Ulysses, and counseled him not to trust any more to that fatal vessel against which Neptune had leveled his furious wrath, nor to those ill-befriending garments which Calypso had given him, but to quit both it and them, and trust for his safety to swimming.

“ And here,” said the seeming bird, “ tie firmly about your waist this girdle, which has virtue to protect the wearer at sea, and you shall safely reach the

shore; but when you have landed, cast it far back from you into the sea.”

He did as the sea bird instructed him: he stripped himself naked, and fastening the wondrous girdle about his waist, cast himself into the sea to swim. The bird dived past his sight into the fathomless abyss of the ocean.

Two days and nights he spent in struggling with the waves, though sore buffeted and almost spent, never giving himself up for lost, such confidence he had in the charm which he wore about his middle, and in the words of that divine bird.

But the third morning the winds grew calm, and all the heavens were clear. Then he saw himself nigh land, which he knew to be the coast of the Phæacians, a people good to strangers, and abounding in ships, by whose favor he doubted not that he should soon obtain a passage to his own country.

And such joy he conceived in his heart, as good sons have that esteem their father's life dear, when long sickness has held him down to his bed, and wasted his body, and they see at length health return to the old man, with restored strength and spirits, in reward of their many prayers to the gods for his safety — so precious was the prospect of home return to Ulysses, that he might restore health to his country (his better parent), that had long languished as full of distempers in his absence.

And then for his own sake he had joy to see the shores, the woods, so nigh and within his grasp as they seemed; and he labored with all the might of hands and feet to reach with swimming that nigh-seeming land.

But when he approached near, a horrid sound of a huge sea beating against rocks informed him that here was no place for landing, nor any harbor for man's resort; but through the weeds and the foam which the sea belched up against the land he could dimly discover the rugged shore all bristled with flints, and all that part of the coast one impending rock that seemed impossible to climb, and the water all about so deep, that not a sand was there for any tired foot to rest upon.

Every moment he feared lest some wave more cruel than the rest should crush him against a cliff, rendering worse than vain all his landing; and should he swim to seek a more commodious haven farther on, he was fearful lest, weak and spent as he was, the winds would force him back a long way off into the main, where the terrible god Neptune,—for wrath that he had so nearly escaped his power, having gotten him again into his domain,—would send out some great whale to swallow him up alive; with such malignity he still pursued him.

While these thoughts distracted him with diversity of dangers, one bigger wave drove against a sharp rock his naked body, which it gashed and tore, and

wanted little of breaking all his bones, so rude was the shock.

But in this extremity she prompted him that never failed him at need. Minerva (who is wisdom itself) put it into his thoughts no longer to keep swimming off and on, as one dallying with danger, but boldly to force the shore that threatened him. . . . She guided his wearied and well-nigh exhausted limbs to the mouth of the fair river Callirrhœ, which not far from thence disbursed its watery tribute to the ocean. Here the shores were easy and accessible, and the rocks, which rather adorned than defended its banks, were so smooth that they seemed polished of purpose to invite the landing of our sea wanderer, and to atone for the uncourteous treatment which those less hospitable cliffs had afforded him.

And the god of the river, as if in pity, stayed his current and smoothed his waters, to make easy the landing of Ulysses. . . .

So by the favor of the river's god Ulysses crept to land, half drowned; both his knees faltering, his strong hands falling down through weakness from the excessive toils he had endured, his cheek and nostrils flowing with froth of the sea brine, much of which he swallowed in that conflict; voice and breath spent, down he sank as in death. Dead weary he was. It seemed that the sea had soaked through his heart, and the pains he felt in all his veins were little

less than those which one feels that has endured the tortures of the rack.

But when his spirits came a little to themselves, and his recollection by degrees began to return, he rose up, and unloosing from his waist the girdle or charm which the divine bird had given him, and remembering the charge which he had received with it, he flung it from him into the river. Back it swam with the course of the ebbing stream till it reached the sea, where the fair hands of Ino Leucothea received it to keep it as a pledge of safety to any future shipwrecked mariner, that like Ulysses should wander in those perilous waves. . . .

Ulysses then bent his course to the nearest woods, where, entering in, he found a thicket, mostly of wild olives and such low trees, yet growing so intertwined and knit together that the moist wind had not leave to play through their branches, nor the sun's scorching beams to pierce their recesses, nor any shower to beat through, they grew so thick and as it were folded each in the other.

Here creeping in, he made his bed of the leaves which were beginning to fall, of which such was the abundance that two or three men might have spread them ample coverings, such as might shield them from the winter's rage, though the air breathed steel and blew as if it would burst.

Here, creeping in, he heaped up store of leaves all about him, as a man would pile billets upon a winter

fire, — and lay down in their midst. Rich seed of virtue lying hid in poor leaves! Here Minerva gave him sound sleep; and here all his long toils past seemed to be concluded and shut up within the little sphere of his refreshed and closed eyelids.

HOMER.

[Paraphrase by Charles Lamb; from the Translation by George Chapman.]

SUNSET IN GREECE.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.

Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

GEORGE GORDON NOËL BYRON.

OUR COUNTRY.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR was born in Henniker, New Hampshire, Oct. 10, 1838. She has written several books of prose and verse. Her poems are spirited and graceful.



Our Country ! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own, —
We hail thee, we crown thee ! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills !

Our Country ! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul, —
We hail thee, we crown thee ! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills !

Our Country! whose story the angels record —
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine all lands till the nations are one, —
We hail thee, we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of.

America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EVIL TALK.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, England, May 1, 1672. His education having been finished at Oxford, he immediately began a literary life. Perhaps his most notable work was that in the form of the essay. In those days magazines were not numerous, and the periodical publication of essays gained considerable vogue. Of this sort were the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. To these Addison contributed very many of the most important papers, some of which have become classics. He is the author of several dramas and a number of noble poems.



He died at Holland House, a historic mansion in Kensington, London, June 17, 1719.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only showed a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them.

The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still some remains to be seen in that island. It was called Dionysius' Ear, and built with several little

windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it.

The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil design upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overhear everything that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm that a Cæsar or an Alexander would rather have died by treason, than to have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man who is in ordinary life very inquisitive after everything which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure passed upon me.

The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great stress upon any present speeches or opinions.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, Jan. 11, 1825. Two darling wishes of his childhood were to travel extensively and to become a poet. Both were admirably realized. His first printed verse appeared when he was fifteen years old. In 1844 he published a volume. When he had scarcely come to manhood, he started, with very little cash, to visit Europe, and there he remained nearly two years, moving about mostly on foot, meantime writing letters to the *New York Tribune*, and for these he received some money. In 1848 he became an editor of that journal.



He afterward visited many countries and wrote of them. He is the author of many books of travel, many noble poems, and a translation of the "Faust" of Goethe. In 1878 he was appointed United States minister to Germany. In that country he died, Dec. 19, 1878. This extract from "Northern Travel" is used by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the cliff of Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze luster as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech leaves in the October air.

Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray.

The sea was a web of pale slate-color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden haze.

The headlands of the deeply indented coast lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the northeast was Nordkyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun; and just as our watches denoted midnight the North Cape appeared to the westward — a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea.

Midway between those two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both — but shining at the same moment, in the heat and splendor of noonday, on the Pacific Isles. This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it — as I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole tone of the sky had changed,

the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermilion of dawn.

Yet it was neither the colors, nor the same character of light, as we had had half an hour *before* midnight.

The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described; but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and earth, and so imperceptibly and miraculously that a new day was present to our consciousness.

Our view of the wild cliffs of Sværholt, less than two hours before, belonged to yesterday, though we had stood on deck, in full sunshine, during all the intervening time. Had the sensation of a night slipped through our brains in the momentary winking of the eyes? Or was the old routine of consciousness so firmly stereotyped in our natures, that the view of a morning was sufficient proof to them of the pre-existence of a night?

Let those explain the phenomenon who can — but I found my physical senses utterly at war with those mental perceptions wherewith they should harmonize. The eye saw but one unending day; the mind notched the twenty-four hours on its calendar as before.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LEIGH HUNT AT HOME.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. At the age of twenty-one he graduated at Bowdoin College, and soon afterward began the writing of fiction. His first considerable success did not come till 1837, when his "Twice-Told Tales" was published. In 1846 appeared "Mosses from an Old Manse." In 1850 "The Scarlet Letter" gave him a high position among writers of fiction. Later came "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Marble Faun," and other books, several of which relate to England and Italy. His style is clear,

strong, and beautiful, and his place is assured among the very foremost of American prose writers.

He died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 18, 1864.

Leigh Hunt was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mold of the features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's in this respect. At my first glimpse of him, when he met us in the entry, I discerned that he was old, his long hair being white and his wrinkles many; it was an aged visage, in short, such as I had not at all expected to see, in spite of dates, because his books talk to the reader with the tender vivacity of youth.

But when he began to speak, and as he grew more

earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again. I have never witnessed such a wonderfully illusive transformation, before or since; and to this day, trusting only to my recollection, I should find it difficult to decide which was his genuine predicament — youth or age.

I have met no Englishman whose manners seemed to me so agreeable; soft, rather than polished, wholly unconventional, the natural growth of a kindly and sensitive disposition without any reference to rule, or else obedient to some rule so subtle that the nicest observer could not detect the application of it.

His eyes were dark and very fine, and his voice accompanied their visible language like music. He appeared to be exceedingly appreciative of whatever was passing among those that surrounded him, and especially of the vicissitudes in the consciousness of the person to whom he happened to be addressing himself at the moment. I felt that no effect upon my mind of what he uttered, no emotion, however transitory, in myself, escaped his notice; not from any positive vigilance on his part, but because his faculty of observation was so penetrative and delicate; and, to say the truth, it a little confused me to discern always a ripple on his mobile face, responsive to any

slightest breeze that passed over the inner reservoir of my sentiments, and seemed thence to extend to a similar reservoir within himself. . . .

Leigh Hunt loved dearly to be praised. That is to say, he desired sympathy as a flower seeks sunshine, and perhaps profited by it as much in the richer coloring that it imparted to his ideas. In response to all that we ventured to express about his writings, his face shone, and he manifested great delight, with a perfect, and yet delicate frankness for which I loved him.

He could not tell us, he said, the happiness that such appreciation gave him; it always took him by surprise — for, perhaps because he cleaned his own boots, and performed other little ordinary offices for himself — he had never been conscious of anything wonderful in his own person. And then he smiled, making himself and the poor little parlor about him beautiful thereby.

A storm had suddenly come up while we were talking; the rain poured, the lightning flashed, and the thunder broke; but I hope it was a sunny hour for Leigh Hunt. . . .

At our leave-taking, he grasped me warmly by both hands, and seemed as much interested in our whole party as if he had known us for years. All this was genuine feeling, a quick, luxuriant growth out of his heart.

[Abridgment.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

SEVENTY-SIX.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand !

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold ;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold, —

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,

Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred —
The footsteps of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well !
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GRANT AND LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

JOHN B. GORDON was born in Upson County, Georgia, Feb. 6, 1832. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and in due course was admitted to the practice of the law. He served as lieutenant general of Confederate forces in the Civil War. In January, 1873, he was chosen senator in Congress, and was reelected in 1879, but soon afterwards he resigned his seat in that body. In 1886 he was chosen governor of Georgia. On completion of that service he was a third time elected to the United States Senate. His fraternal words, eloquently spoken in various parts of the country, did much to promote harmony of feeling among the citizens of the United States. His published memoirs are deeply interesting.

He died near Miami, Florida, Jan. 9, 1904.



In the little brick house where they met, Lee and Grant presented a contrast as strangely inconsistent with the real situation as it was unprecedented and inconceivable. . . . There stood Lee dressed (as a mark of respect to Grant) in his best uniform, unbent by misfortune, sustaining by his example the spirits of his defeated comrades and illustrating in his calm and lofty bearing the noble adage which he afterwards announced, that "the virtue of humanity ought always to equal its trials." . . .

There, too, was Grant (peace to his ashes, and forever cherished be his memory!), his slouch hat in

hand, his plain blue overcoat upon his shoulders, making with Lee a contrast picturesque and unique. Grave, unassuming, and considerate, there was upon his person no mark of rank; there was about him no air of triumph nor of exultation. Serious and silent, except in kindly answers to questions, he seemed absorbed in thought, and evidently sought to withdraw, if in his power, the bitter sting of defeat from the quivering sensibilities of his great antagonist.

Some of his responses to questions have already gone into history. His replies were marked by a directness, simplicity, force, and generosity in keeping with the character of the magnanimous conqueror who uttered them. They were pregnant with a pathos and a meaning to the defeated Confederates, which can only be understood by a comprehension of the circumstances and of the nobility of spirit and the lofty sentiment which inspired them.

But General Grant rose, if possible, to a still higher plane, by his subsequent threat of self-immolation on the altar of a soldier's honor, and by his heroic declaration of the inviolability and protecting power of Lee's parole, and by invoking with almost his dying lips, the spirit of peace, equality, fraternity, and unity among all his countrymen.

These evidences of Grant's and Lee's great characteristics ought to live in history as an inspiration to future generations. They ought to live on pages at least as bright as those which record their military

and civic achievements. They ought to be inscribed on their tombs in characters as fadeless as their fame and as enduring as the life of the Republic.

Outside of that room the scenes were no less thrilling or memorable. . . . The briny tears that ran down the haggard and tanned faces of the starving Confederates; the veneration and devotion which they displayed for the tattered flags which had so long waved above them in the white smoke of the battle; the efforts secretly to tear those bullet-rent banners from their supports and conceal them in their bosoms; the mutually courteous and kindly greetings and comradeship between the soldiers of the hitherto hostile armies; their anxiety to mingle with each other in friendly intercourse; the touching and beautiful generosity displayed by the Union soldiers in opening their well-filled haversacks and dividing their rations with the starving Confederates — these and a thousand other incidents can neither be described in words nor pictured on the most sensitive scroll of the imagination.

No scene like it in any age was ever witnessed at the close of a long and bloody war. No such termination of internecine strife would be possible save among these glorious American people. It was the inspiration of that enlightened and Christian civilization developed by the free institutions of this unrivaled and Heaven-protected Republic.

JOHN B. GORDON.

FATE.



BRET HARTE was born in Albany, New York, Aug. 25, 1839. His education was obtained at the common schools. At the age of about seventeen years his adventurous spirit led him to California, then in the beginning of its greatness. There he engaged, successively, in mining, school-teaching, and newspaper work. In the course of events he established the *Overland Monthly Magazine*, and in this many of his famous short stories were first published. During seven years he served as a United States consul in Europe. The latter years of his life were passed in England, where

his literary work was continued. Several of his tales of the mining camps are regarded as among the best ever written. His verse ranges from grave to gay, a considerable part of it being in dialect.

He died at Camberley, England, May 6, 1902.

“The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare ;
The spray of the tempest is white in air ;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

“The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb ;
And the lion’s whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.”

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee ;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in an earthquake shock.

BRET HARTE.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

ROME, 505 B.C.

TITUS LIVIUS (LIVY) was born at Padua, Italy, 59 B.C. He wrote the history of Rome in many books, most of which have long since been lost. He ranks among the foremost of Latin prose writers.

He died in the year 17 A.D.



There was a certain hill which men called Janiculum on the side of the river, and this hill King Porsenna took by a sudden attack.

It chanced that Horatius had been set to guard the bridge, and he saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion and threw away their arms as they ran.

He cried with a loud voice: "Men of Rome, it is to no purpose that ye thus leave your post and flee, for if ye leave this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that ye have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

And as he spake he ran forward to the farther end

of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. Nevertheless there stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth, both of them of great renown in arms. So these three for a while stayed the onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome meanwhile broke down the bridge.

And when there was but a small part remaining, and they that broke it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade Lartius and Herminius return, but he himself remained on the farther side, turning his eyes full of wrath in threatening fashion on the princes of the Etrurians, and crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? or why are ye thus come at the bidding of your master King Porsenna, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans. Then, for very shame, they all ran forward, and raising a great shout, threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood the less firmly in his place on the bridge, from which they would have thrust him by force. Of a sudden the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now altogether broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed a while for fear, Horatius turned him to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I

beseech thee this day with all reverence that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms."

And as he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people; and though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive due honor from the city. For the citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public land so much as he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat from his own store and gave it to him, — for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

[Version by Alfred J. Church.]

TITUS LIVIUS (LIVY).

THE POWER OF THE HOME.

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on Capitol hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there; and I felt that the sun in all his course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided

therein, the world would at last owe to this great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged its final uplifting and its regeneration.

But a few days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great trees and encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest; the fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the resonant clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside were quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master—a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son.

And as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

As we approached the door the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving help-

mate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently, as the wing from an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home.

While I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded; forgotten were its treasures and its majesty; and I said: "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
 Go forth under the open sky and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
 Comes a still voice, —

Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image.

Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements;
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
 The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills,
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun, — the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods; rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone!
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee.

As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men —

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whatsoever things are true,
whatsoever things are honora-
ble, whatsoever things are just,
whatsoever things are pure,
whatsoever things are lovely,
whatsoever things are of good
report ; if there be any virtue,
and if there be any praise,
think on these things.

THE BIBLE.

THE EYE AND THE EAR.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT was born in Boston, March 20, 1834. He is the distinguished president of Harvard University. The present selection is from "The Happy Life."



Unlike the other senses, the eye is always at work, except when we sleep, and may, consequently, be the vehicle of far more enjoyment than any other organ of sense. It has given our race its ideas of infinity, symmetry, grace, and splendor; it is the chief source of childhood's joys, and throughout life the guide to almost all pleasurable activities.

The pleasure it gives us, however, depends largely upon the amount of attention we pay to the pictures which it incessantly sets before the brain.

Two men walk along the same road; one notices the blue depths of the sky, the floating clouds, the opening leaves upon the trees, the green grass, the yellow buttercups, and the far stretch of the open fields; the other has precisely the same pictures on his retina, but pays no attention to them. One sees, and the other does not see; one enjoys an unspeakable pleasure, and the other loses that pleasure which is as free to him as the air.

The beauties which the eye reveals are infinitely various in quality and scale; one mind prefers the minute, another the vast; one the delicate and tender, another the coarse and rough; one the inanimate things, another the animate creation.

The whole outward world is the kingdom of the observant eye. He who enters into any part of that kingdom to possess it has a store of pure enjoyment in life which is literally inexhaustible and immeasurable. His eyes alone will give him a life worth living.

Next comes the ear as a minister of enjoyment, but next at a great interval. The average man probably does not recognize that he gets much pleasure through hearing. He thinks that his ears are to him chiefly a convenient means of human intercourse. But let him experience a temporary deafness, and he will learn that many a keen delight came to him through the ear. He will miss the beloved voice, the merry laugh, the hum of the city, the distant chime, the song of birds, the running brook, the breeze in the trees, the lapping wavelets, and the thundering beach; and he will learn that familiar sounds have been to him sources of pure delight—an important element in his well-being.

Old Izaak Walton found in the lovely sounds of earth a hint of Heaven:—

“How joyed my heart in the rich melodies
That overhead and round me did arise!

The moving leaves, the water's gentle flow,
Delicious music hung on every bough.
Then said I in my heart, If that the Lord
Such lovely music on the earth accord;
If to weak, sinful man such sounds are given,
Oh! what must be the melody of heaven!"

A high degree of that fine pleasure which music gives is not within the reach of all; yet there are few to whom the pleasure is wholly denied. To take part in producing harmony, as in part-singing, gives the singers an intense pleasure, which is doubtless partly physical and partly mental. I am told that to play good music at sight, as one of several performers playing different instruments, is as keen a sensuous and intellectual enjoyment as the world affords.

These pleasures through the eye and ear are open in civilized society to all who have the will to seek them, and the intelligence to cultivate the faculties through which they are enjoyed.

They are quite as likely to bless him who works with hand or brain all day for a living, as him who lives inactive on his own savings, or on those of other people. The outward world yields them spontaneously to every healthy body and alert mind; but the active mind is as essential to winning them as the sound body.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

THE ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

NOVEMBER 19, 1863.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809. His parents were very poor, and the boy had few opportunities for education; but he made the most of such as were available. The nobility of his nature was evident in his childhood. By great persistence he acquired a fair education in the common English branches. He studied the law and engaged in the practice of it in Springfield, Illinois. The bent of his mind took him into politics, and he was elected to Congress. A series of debates with a political opponent drew to him the attention of his countrymen, and in 1860

he was elected to the presidency. He guided the fortunes of the Republic wisely and well during four years of the greatest peril.

He died April 15, 1865, shortly after his second inauguration.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOUR THINGS.

Four things a man must learn to do
 If he would make his record true :
 To think without confusion clearly ;
 To love his fellow-men sincerely ;
 To act from honest motives purely ;
 To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

[From "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

A VINDICATION.



HENRY CLAY was born at Hanover, Virginia, April 12, 1777. When he was but four years old his father died, and thenceforward the boy was obliged to earn his own living. Notwithstanding this fact, he was able to gain considerable knowledge of books. At fifteen he became assistant clerk of a court, and at twenty he was licensed to practice law. Very soon he removed to Lexington, and there he acquired eminence in his profession. During many years he was a member of the national House of Representatives and served several terms as speaker of that body. At other

periods he was a member of the Senate. As a statesman he had great influence, and as an orator he ranked very high. It was he who uttered the famous saying, "Sir, I would rather be right than be President."

He died at Washington, June 29, 1852.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting the measure. Ambition! inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes.

Ambition! if I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a

cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of State to conduct it as they could.

I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their own aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves.

I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated: I never wish, never expect to be.

Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attach-

ment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life.

Yes, I have ambition, but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

HENRY CLAY.

A STATE.

What constitutes a state?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No: men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

PLINY AND THE VOLCANO.

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Dartmoor, England, June 12, 1819. He graduated at Cambridge University in 1842, and became a clergyman in Hampshire. In 1873 he was made canon of Westminster and chaplain to the queen. He published several spirited novels, volumes of sermons, books of travel, books for children, essays, two books of verse, and other writings. He was a vigorous advocate of various most desirable reforms.

He died Jan. 23, 1875.



Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out or what it will do; and those who live close to them — as the city of Naples is close to Vesuvius — must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed up, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be, without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius nearly 1800 years ago, in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot, filled with people who were as handsome, and as comfortable, and (I am afraid) as wicked, as people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, olive yards, covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, on the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, full of boars and deer. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below by the seashore, called the Phlegræan fields, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground; and a lake, called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung, and which (old stories told) was one of the mouths of the Nether Pit. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. . . . There was stationed in the bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius.

It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course like one of our branching Scotch firs here; but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top. Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter and went away across the bay to see

what the strange cloud could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days ; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had aught to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had ; and to his cost.

When he got near the opposite shore some of the sailors met him and entreated him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on ; he said that if people were in danger, it was his duty to help them ; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster ; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and left them nearly dry ; and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabiæ, to the house of his friend Pomponianus, who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid ; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman ; and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face.

Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on ; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled ; and then he went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and, if they had not waked the admiral in time, he would

never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall ; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, amid a shower of stones and cinders, tying pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down.

The day had come by this time : but not the dawn ; for it was still pitch-dark as night. They went down to their boats upon the shore ; but the sea raged so horribly, that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail for him, and he lay down on it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames, and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral upon his legs ; but he sank down again overpowered with the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead ; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man ; a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

GILBERT POTTER AND HIS HORSE.

[This selection is taken from "The Story of Kennett." In the prologue to that book, the author vouches for the actual occurrence of the events here narrated.]

With his face towards home and his back to the storm, Gilbert rode into the night. The highway

was but a streak of less palpable darkness; the hills on either hand scarcely detached themselves from the low, black ceiling of the sky behind them. . . .

The black, dreary night seemed interminable. He could only guess, here and there, at a landmark, and was forced to rely more upon Roger's instinct of the road than upon the guidance of his senses.

Towards midnight, as he judged, by the solitary crow of a cock, the rain almost entirely ceased. The wind began to blow, sharp and keen, and the hard vault of the sky to lift a little. He fancied that the hills on his right had fallen away, and that the horizon was suddenly depressed toward the north. Roger's feet began to splash in constantly deepening water, and presently a roar, distinct from that of the wind, filled the air.

It was the Brandywine. The stream had overflowed its broad meadow-bottoms, and was running high and fierce beyond its main channel.

The turbid waters made a dim, dusky gleam around him; soon the fences disappeared, and the flood reached to the horse's body. But he knew that the ford could be distinguished by the break in the fringe of timber; moreover, that the creek bank was a little higher than the meadows behind it, and so far, at least, he might venture. The ford was not more than twenty yards across, and he could trust Roger to swim that distance.

The faithful animal pressed bravely on, but Gilbert

noticed that he seemed at fault. The swift water had forced him out of the road, and he stopped, from time to time, as if anxious and uneasy. The timber could now be discerned, only a short distance in advance, and in a few minutes they would gain the bank.

What was that? A strange, rustling, hissing sound, as of cattle trampling on dry reeds, — a sound which quivered and shook, even in the breath of the hurrying wind! Roger snorted, stood still, and trembled in every limb; and a sensation of awe and terror struck a chill through Gilbert's heart. The sound drew swiftly nearer, and became a wild, seething roar, filling the whole breadth of the valley.

"The dam!" cried Gilbert, "the dam has given way!" He turned Roger's head, gave him the rein, struck, spurred, cheered, and shouted. The brave beast struggled through the impending flood, but the advance wave of the coming inundation touched his side. He staggered; a line of churning foam bore down upon them, the terrible roar was all around and over them, and horse and rider were whirled away.

What happened during the first few seconds, Gilbert could never distinctly recall. Now they were whelmed in the water, now riding its careering tide, torn through the tops of brushwood, jostled by floating logs and timbers of the dam-breast, but always, as it seemed, remorselessly held in the heart of the tumult and the ruin.

He saw at last that they had fallen behind the onset of the flood, but Roger was still swimming with it, desperately throwing up his head from time to time, and snorting water from his nostrils. All his efforts to gain a foothold failed; his strength was nearly spent, and unless some help should come in a few minutes, it would come in vain. And in the darkness, and the rapidity with which they were borne along, how should help come?

All at once Roger's course stopped. He became an obstacle to the flood, which pressed him against some other obstacle below, and rushed over horse and rider. Thrusting out his hand, Gilbert felt the rough bark of a tree. Leaning towards it and clasping the log in his arms, he drew himself from the saddle, while Roger, freed from his burden, struggled into the current and instantly disappeared.

As nearly as Gilbert could ascertain, several timbers, thrown over each other, had lodged, probably upon a rocky islet in the stream, the uppermost one projecting slantingly out of the flood. It required all his strength to resist the current which sucked, and whirled, and tugged at his body, and to climb high enough to escape its force, without overbalancing his support.

At last, though still half immersed, he found himself comparatively safe for a time, yet as far as ever from a final rescue. He must await the dawn, and an eternity of endurance lay in those few hours. . . .

Yet a new danger now assailed him, from the increasing cold. There was already a sting of frost, a breath of ice, in the wind. In another hour the sky was nearly swept bare of clouds, and he could note the lapse of the night by the sinking of the moon. But he was by this time hardly in a condition to note anything more.

He had thrown himself, face downwards, on the top of the log, his arms mechanically clasping it, while his mind sank into a state of torpid, passive suffering, growing nearer to the dreamy indifference which precedes death. His cloak had been torn away in the first rush of the inundation, and the wet coat began to stiffen in the wind, from the ice gathering over it.

The moon was low in the west, and there was a pale glimmer of dawn in the sky, when Gilbert Potter suddenly raised his head. Above the noise of the water and the whistle of the wind, he heard a familiar sound — the shrill, sharp neigh of a horse. Lifting himself, with great exertion, to a sitting posture, he saw two men on horseback, in the flooded meadow, a little below him. They stopped, seemed to consult, and presently drew nearer.

Gilbert tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat were stiff and his lungs refused to act. The horse neighed again. This time there was no mistake; it was Roger that he heard. Voice came to him, and he cried aloud — a strange, unnatural cry.

The horsemen heard it, and rapidly pushed up the bank, until they reached a point directly opposite him. The prospect of escape brought a thrill of life to his frame; he looked around and saw that the flood had indeed fallen.

"We have no rope," he heard one of the men say. "How shall we reach him?"

"There is no time to get one now," the other answered. "My horse is stronger than yours. I'll go into the creek just below, where it's broader and not so deep, and work my way up to him."

"But one horse can't carry both."

"His will follow, be sure, when it sees me."

As the last speaker moved away, Gilbert saw the led horse plunging through the water, beside the other. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The horseman and the loose horse entered the main stream below, where its divided channel met and broadened, but it was still above the saddle-girths, and very swift.

Sometimes the animals plunged, losing their foothold; nevertheless, they gallantly breasted the current, and inch by inch worked their way to a point about six feet below Gilbert. It seemed impossible to approach nearer.

"Can you swim?" asked the man.

Gilbert shook his head. "Throw me the end of Roger's bridle!" he then cried.

The man unbuckled the bridle and threw it, keep-

ing the end of the rein in his hand. Gilbert tried to grasp it, but his hands were too numb. He managed, however, to get one arm and his head through the opening, and relaxed his hold on the log.

A plunge, and the man had him by the collar. He felt himself lifted by a strong arm and laid across Roger's saddle. With his failing strength and stiff limbs, it was no slight task to get into place, and the return, though less laborious to the horses, was equally dangerous, because Gilbert was scarcely able to support himself without help.

"You're safe now," said the man, when they reached the bank, "but it's a downright mercy of God that you're alive!"

The other horseman joined them, and they rode slowly across the flooded meadow. They had both thrown their cloaks around Gilbert, and carefully steadied him in the saddle, one on each side. He was too much exhausted to ask how they had found him, or whither they were taking him, — too numb for curiosity, — almost for gratitude.

"Here's your savior!" said one of the men, patting Roger's shoulder. "It was through him that we found you. Do you want to know how? Well — about three o'clock, it was maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later, my wife woke me up. 'Do you hear that?' she says.

"I listened and heard a horse in the lane before the door, neighing, — I can't tell exactly how it was,

—like as if he would call up the house. 'Twas rather queer, I thought, so I got up and looked out of the window, and it seemed to me he had a saddle on. He stamped, and pawed, and then he gave another yell, and stamped again.

“Said I to my wife, ‘There’s something wrong here,’ and I dressed and went out. When he saw me he acted the strangest you ever saw; I thought, if ever an animal wanted to speak, that animal does. When I tried to catch him, he shot off, ran down the lane a bit, and then came back acting as strangely as ever.

“I went into the house and woke up my brother, here, and we saddled our horses and started. Away went yours ahead, stopping every minute to look round and see if we followed. When we came to the water, I hesitated, but it was no use; the horse would have us go on, and on, till we found you.” . . .

Gilbert did not speak, but two large tears slowly gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The men saw his emotion, and respected it.

In the light of the cold, keen dawn, they reached a snug farmhouse, a mile from the Brandywine. The men lifted Gilbert from the saddle, and would have carried him immediately into the house; but he first leaned upon Roger’s neck, took the faithful creature’s head in his arms and kissed it.

[Abridgment.]

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A FRENCH PEASANT GIRL.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811. His parents were English. At about the age of five the boy was sent to England to be educated. He remained six years at Charterhouse, a famous school in London. Afterward he studied two years at Trinity College, Cambridge. At the age of twenty-two he began his contributions to the press. His first book appeared in 1840, but his novel "Vanity Fair" was the earliest to win much success. He continued to write for periodicals, and became editorially connected with *Punch*. He published

a number of brilliant novels. He visited America twice, and here gave lectures on "The Humorists" and "The Four Georges."

He died suddenly, on the night before Christmas, 1863.

"My father died," said Beatrice, "about six years since, and left my poor mother with little else but a small cottage and a strip of land, and four children too young to work. It was hard enough in my father's time to supply so many little mouths with food; and how was a poor widowed woman to provide for them now, who had neither the strength nor the opportunity for labor?"

"Besides us, to be sure, there was my old aunt; and she would have helped us, but she could not, for the old woman is bedridden; so she did nothing but occupy our best room, and grumble from morning till night: heaven knows, poor old soul, that she

had no great reason to be very happy ; for you know, sir, that it frets the temper to be sick ; and that it is worse still to be sick and hungry too.

“ At that time, in the country where we lived, times were so very bad that the best workman could hardly find employment ; and when he did, he was happy if he could earn twelve sous a day. Mother, work as she would, could not gain more than six ; and it was hard, out of this, to put meat into six mouths and clothing on six backs.

“ Old Aunt Bridget would scold, as she got her portion of bread ; and my little brothers used to cry if theirs did not come in time. I, too, used to cry when I got my share ; for mother kept only a little, little piece for herself, and said that she had dined in the fields, — God pardon her for the lie ! and bless her, as I am sure He did ; for, but for Him, no working man or woman could subsist upon such a wretched morsel as my dear mother took.

“ I was a thin, ragged, barefooted girl then, and sickly and weak for want of food ; but I think I felt mother’s hunger more than my own : and many and many a bitter night I lay awake, crying, and praying to God to give me the means of working for myself and aiding her. And He has, indeed, been good to me,” said Beatrice, “ for He has given me all this.

“ Well, time rolled on, and matters grew worse than ever : winter came, and was colder to us than any other winter, for our clothes were thinner and

more torn; mother sometimes could find no work, for the fields in which she labored were hidden under the snow; so that when we wanted them most we had them least, — warmth, work, or food.

“I knew that, do what I would, mother would never let me leave her, because I looked to my little brothers and my old cripple of an aunt; but still, bread was better for us all than my service; and when I left them the six would have a slice more; so I determined to bid good-by to nobody, but to go away, and look for work elsewhere. One Sunday, when mother and the little ones were at church, I went in to Aunt Bridget, and said, ‘Tell mother when she comes back, that Beatrice is gone.’ I spoke quite stoutly, as if I did not care about it.

“‘Gone! gone where?’ said she. ‘You’re not going to leave me alone!’ . . .

“‘Aunt,’ said I, ‘I’m going, and took this very opportunity because you *are* alone; tell mother I am too old now to eat her bread, and do no work for it: I am going, please God, where work and bread can be found:’ so I kissed her: she was so astonished that she could not move or speak; and I walked away through the old room, and the little garden.

“ . . . So I walked a long way, until night fell; and I thought of poor mother coming home, and not finding me; and little Pierre shouting out, in his clear voice, for Beatrice to bring him his supper. I think I should like to have died that night, and

I thought I should too; for when I was obliged to throw myself on the cold, hard ground, my feet were too torn and weary to bear me any farther.

“Just then the moon came up; and do you know I felt a comfort in looking at it, for I knew it was shining on our little cottage, and it seemed like an old friend’s face. A little way on, as I saw by the moon, was a village; and I saw, too, that a man was coming toward me; he must have heard me crying, I suppose.

“Was not God good to me? This man was a farmer, who had need of a girl in his house; he made me tell why I was alone, and I told him the same story I have told you, and he believed me and took me home. I had walked six long leagues from our village that day, asking everywhere for work in vain; and here, at bedtime, I found a bed and a supper!

“Here I lived very well for some months; my master was very good and kind to me; but, unluckily, too poor to give me any wages; so that I could save nothing to send to my poor mother. . . . The only drawback to my comfort was, that I had no news of my mother; I could not write to her, nor could she have read my letter if I had; so there I was, at only six leagues’ distance from home, as far off as if I had been in Paris or America.

“However, in a few months I grew so listless and homesick, that my mistress said she would keep me

no longer; and though I went away as poor as I came, I was still too glad to go back to the old village again, and see dear mother, if it were but for a day. I knew she would share her crust with me, as she had done for so long a time before; and hoped that, now I was taller and stronger, I might find work more easily in the neighborhood.

“You may fancy what a fête it was when I came back; though I’m sure we cried as much as if it had been a funeral. Mother got into a fit, which frightened us all; and as for Aunt Bridget, she *skreeled* away for hours together, and did not scold for two days at least. Little Pierre offered me the whole of his supper; poor little man! his slice of bread was no bigger than before I went away.

“Well, I got a little work here, and a little there; but still I was a burden at home rather than a breadwinner; and, at the closing-in of the winter, was very glad to hear of a place at two leagues’ distance, where work, they said, was to be had. Off I set, one morning, to find it, but missed my way, somehow, until it was nighttime before I arrived. Nighttime and snow again; it seemed as if all my journeys were to be made in this bitter weather.

“When I came to the farmer’s door, his house was shut up, and his people were all abed; I knocked for a long while in vain; at last he made his appearance at a window upstairs, and seemed so frightened, and looked so angry, that I suppose he took me for a

thief. I told him how I had come for work. 'Who comes for work at such an hour?' said he. 'Go home, you impudent baggage, and do not disturb honest people out of their sleep.'

"He banged the window; and so I was left alone to shift for myself as I might. There was no shed where I could find a bed; so I got under a cart, on some straw; it was no very warm berth. I could not sleep for the cold; and the hours passed so slowly, that it seemed I had been there a week, instead of a night; but still it was not so bad as the first night when I left home, and when the good farmer found me.

"In the morning, before it was light, the farmer's people came out, and saw me crouching under the cart: they told me to get up; but I was so cold that I could not: at last the man himself came, and recognized me as the girl who had disturbed him the night before.

"When he heard my name, and the purpose for which I came, this good man took me into the house, and put me into one of the beds out of which his sons had just got; and, if I was cold before, you may be sure I was warm and comfortable now. Such a bed as this I had never slept in, nor did I ever have such good milk-soup as he gave me out of his own breakfast.

"Well, he agreed to hire me; and what do you think he gave me? Six sous a day! and let me

sleep in the cow house besides ; you may fancy how happy I was now, at the prospect of earning so much money.

“ There was an old woman among the laborers who used to sell us soup ; I got a cupful every day for a halfpenny, with a bit of bread in it ; and I might eat as much beet-root besides as I liked. . . .

“ So, every Saturday when work was over, I had thirty sous to carry home to mother ; and tired though I was, I walked merrily to our village to see her again. On the road there was a great wood to pass through, and this frightened me ; for if a thief should come and rob me of my whole week’s earnings, what could a poor lone girl do to help herself ? But I found a remedy for this too, and no thieves ever came near me ; I used to begin saying my prayers as I entered the forest, and never stopped until I was safe home ; and safe I always arrived, with my thirty sous in my pocket.

“ Ah, you may be sure, Sunday was a merry day for us all. . . . Beatrice has now warm gowns, and stout shoes, and plenty of good food. She has had her little brother from Picardy ; clothed, fed, and educated him ; that young gentleman is now a carpenter, and an honor to his profession. Madam Merger is in easy circumstances, and receives, yearly, fifty francs from her daughter. To crown all, Mademoiselle Beatrice herself is a funded proprietor.”

[Abridgment.]

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

DYING IN HARNESS.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Ireland, June 28, 1844. While yet in his youth he engaged in newspaper work. Becoming involved in political movements intended for the benefit of his native land, he was seized and condemned to death. This sentence, however, was remitted, and he was banished to Australia. He escaped thence, and in an American whale ship he reached Philadelphia in 1869. His life as an active literary force began in this country. He became editor of the *Boston Pilot* and held that position for many years. From his hand came several volumes of poems, a novel, a book of short stories, and other works. He is a noble and picturesque figure in later American literature.



He died at his home in Hull, Massachusetts, Aug. 10, 1890.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy
load ;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to
rise.

Hold! for his toil is over; no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow
dim ;

See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head,
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only
to die.

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps,
Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the day's mis-
haps ;

One of the passing wonders marking the city road,
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol ? Only death ; why should we cease
to smile

At death for a beast of burden ? On, through the busy
street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying
feet.

What was the sign ? A symbol to touch the tireless will ?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still ?
The seed on the rock is wasted — on heedless hearts of
men,

That gather and sow and grasp and lose — labor and
sleep — and then —

Then for the prize ! — A crowd in the street of ever-echo-
ing tread —

The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
harness — dead.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

WORK.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795, the son of a stonemason. He was educated at Edinburgh University. During several years he taught in public schools and as a private tutor. Afterwards he removed to London and began the writing of the books that have made his name famous. "Sartor Resartus" was published in 1834. This book drew the immediate attention of scholarly readers in England and America. In 1837 his "History of the French Revolution" appeared. This work established his reputation as a writer of the highest rank. His largest work is his "History of Frederick the Great." He wrote many other books. His style is always vigorous and peculiarly his own.



He died in London, Feb. 5, 1881.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven.

Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms — up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine.

O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ?
Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see
thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity ; sur-
viving there, they alone surviving ; sacred band of
the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of
Mankind.

Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so
long, as saints, as heroes, as gods ; they alone surviv-
ing ; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes
of Time !

To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind ;
Heaven is kind — as a noble Mother ; as that Spartan
Mother, saying, as she gave her son his shield, “ With
it, my son, or upon it ! ”

Thou too shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-
distant Home, in honor ; doubt it not — if in the
battle thou keep thy shield !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LABOR.

Labor is health ! Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides !
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THE CHARACTER OF GARFIELD.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY was born in Niles, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1843. He was educated in the public schools, at Union Seminary, Poland, Ohio, and at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. In the Civil War he served four years, having enlisted as a common soldier, and attained to the rank of major. At Warren, Ohio, in 1867, he was admitted to the practice of the law. His office was established at Canton, and he soon rose to high rank in the profession. He was fifteen years a representative in Congress, and four years governor of Ohio. In 1896 he was chosen President of the United

States, having a large majority in the electoral college; in 1900 he was reelected by a majority still greater. An important event of his first administration was the War with Spain, which resulted in the independence of Cuba. He died by the hand of an assassin, at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901.

This extract is from "Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley," used by courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.



General Garfield's military service secured him his first national prominence. He showed himself competent to command in the field, although without previous training. He could plan battles and fight them successfully. . . .

He was brave and sagacious. He filled every post with intelligence and fidelity, and directed the movement of troops with judgment and skill.

Distinguished as was his military career, which in itself would have given him a proud place in history,

his most enduring fame, his highest renown, was earned in the House as a representative of the people. Here his marvelous qualities were brought into full activity, here he grew with gradual but ever increasing strength, here he won his richest laurels.

In General Garfield, as in Lincoln and Grant, we find the best possibilities of American life. Boy and man, he typifies American youth and manhood, and illustrates the beneficence and glory of our free institutions. His early struggles for an education, his self-support, his "lack of means," his youthful yearnings, find a prototype in every city, village, and hamlet of the land. Those did not retard his progress, but spurred him on to higher and nobler endeavor.

His push and perseverance, his direct and undeviating life purpose, his sturdy integrity, his Christian character, were rewarded with large results and exceptional honors; honors not attainable anywhere else, and only to be acquired under the generous and helpful influences of a free government.

He was twenty-three years of age when he confronted the more practical duties and the wider problems of life. All before had been training and preparation, the best of both, and his marvelous career ended before he was fifty. Few have crowded such great results and acquired such lasting fame in so short a life. Few have done so much for country and civilization, stricken down as he was when scarce at the meridian of his powers.

He did not flash forth as a meteor; he rose with measured and stately step over rough paths and through years of rugged work. He earned his passage to every preferment. He was tried and tested at every step in his pathway of progress. He produced his passport at every gateway to opportunity and glory.

His broad and benevolent nature made him the friend of all mankind. He loved the young men of the country, and drew them to him by the thoughtful concern with which he regarded them. He was generous in helpfulness to all, and to his words of encouragement and cheer many are indebted for much of their success in life.

In personal character he was clean and without reproach. As a citizen, he loved his country and her institutions, and was proud of her progress and prosperity. As a scholar and a man of letters, he took high rank. As an orator, he was exceptionally strong and gifted. As a soldier, he stood abreast with the bravest and best of the citizen soldiery of the Republic. As a legislator, his most enduring testimonial will be found in the records of Congress and the statutes of his country. As President, he displayed moderation and wisdom, with executive ability, which gave the highest assurance of a most successful and illustrious administration.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

JOAN OF ARC.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, England, Aug. 15, 1785. He was educated at a classical school called a "Grammar School." He was a bright scholar, and at the age of fifteen could speak the Greek language fluently. But his health failed, and he left school to wander and study in the country. He afterward studied for a time at Oxford. Eventually he settled at Grasmere and began a purely literary life. In 1821 appeared his first book, and it at once became famous. His work consists largely of essays, in the writing of which he was a master. His works were first printed in col-

lected form through the enterprise of American publishers. He passed the last thirty years of his life at Edinburgh, Scotland, and died in that city, Dec. 8, 1859.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest.

Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes.

The boy rose to a splendor and a noontday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years, till the scepter was departing from Judah.

The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from the cup of rest which she had secured to France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! — whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, — this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man.

Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of kings

shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not be found.

When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself.

Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.

This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her.

She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every country road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints, —

these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France in those days, and great was he that sat upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them. But well Joanna knew — early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth — that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, —
if need be, to die.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

THE FAITHFUL GREYHOUND.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, England, April 7, 1770. At the age of eight he began study at Hawkshead. Eight years later he was at St. John's College, Cambridge. After completing his studies he spent some time in travel. Poetry had been with him almost the sole work of his early years, but it was not till he was twenty-five that he fully determined to make it the great object of his life. Having married, he settled in that lovely portion of England known as "The Lake Country," and there he thenceforward lived and wrote. His longer poems are "The Excursion"

and "The Prelude." Among his ballads and other short poems many are exquisitely beautiful. Some readers regard the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" as the noblest work of Wordsworth.

He died at his home at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850.

On his morning rounds the Master
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;
 And for silence or for talk,
 He hath comrades in his walk ;
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !
 — Off they fly in earnest chase ;
 Every dog is eager-hearted,
 All the four are in the race :

And the hare whom they pursue,
Knows from instinct what to do ;
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost ;
But the nimble hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost ;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks — and the greyhound, *Dart*, is overhead !

Better fate have *Prince* and *Swallow* —
See them cleaving to the sport !
Music has no heart to follow,
Little *Music* she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part :
A loving creature she, and brave !
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say !
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears, —
Him alone she sees and hears, —
Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to reappear no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT HAS AMERICA DONE?



GULIAN C. VERPLANCK was born in New York City, in the year 1786. He was a literary man of much distinction. At one time he was associated with William Cullen Bryant in the publication of a miscellany called *The Talisman*. In 1846 he published an edition of Shakespeare's works. This was then regarded as among the best.

He died March, 1870.

What, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others?

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe?

Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their aux-

iliary branches ; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention ?

Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue, of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end ? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations ; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, — Land of Liberty ! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footsteps is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers, yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by the great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect. . . .

Land of Refuge, — Land of Benedictions ! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard : “ May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces ! ” “ May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets. ” “ May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven ! ”

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

FLOATING.



ALEXANDER SMITH was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, Dec. 31, 1830. He became a pattern-designer in Glasgow, but contributed poems to a newspaper of that city. About the year 1852 his "Life Drama," a dramatic poem, was published. It excited immediate interest in England and in America. Several judicious critics believed that a brilliant light had risen in the heavens of our literature. This author afterwards published "City Poems," "Edwin of Deira," "A Summer in Skye," and "Dreamthorpe." The last two are prose works. They contain much

graceful writing. The present extract is from "Dreamthorpe."

He died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, Jan. 5, 1867.

In summer I spend a good deal of time floating about the lake. The landing place to which my boat is tethered is ruinous, like the chapel and palace, and my embarkation causes quite a stir in the sleepy little village. Small boys leave their games and mud-pies, and gather round in silence; they have seen me get off a hundred times, but their interest in the matter seems always new. Not unfrequently an idle cobbler, in red nightcap and leathern apron, leans on a broken stile, and honors my proceedings with his attention. I shoot off, and the human knot dissolves.

The lake contains three islands, each with a solitary tree, and on these islands the swans breed. I feed

the birds daily with bits of bread. See, one comes gliding towards me, with superbly arched neck, to receive its customary alms! How wildly beautiful its motions! How haughtily it begs!

The green pasture lands run down to the edge of the water, and into it in the afternoons the red kine wade and stand knee-deep in their shadows, surrounded by troops of flies. Patiently the honest creatures abide the attacks of their tormentors. Now one swishes itself with its tail,—now its neighbor flaps a huge ear.

I draw my oars alongside, and let my boat float at its own will. The soft blue heavenly abysses, the wandering streams of vapor, the long beaches of rippled cloud, are glassed and repeated in the lake. Dreamthorpe is as silent as a picture, the voices of the children are mute; and the smoke from the houses, the blue pillars all sloping in one angle, float upward as if in sleep.

Grave and stern the old castle rises from its emerald banks, which long ago came down to the lake in terrace on terrace, gay with fruits and flowers, and with stone nymph and satyrs hid in every nook. Silent and empty enough to-day!

A flock of daws suddenly bursts out from a turret, and round and round they wheel, as if in panic. Has some great scandal exploded? Has a conspiracy been discovered? Has a revolution broken out? The excitement has subsided, and one of them, perched on

the old banner-staff, chatters confidentially to himself as he, sideways, eyes the world beneath him.

Floating about thus, time passes swiftly, for, before I know where I am, the kine have withdrawn from the lake to couch on the herbage, while one on a little height is lowing for the milkmaid and her pails. Along the road I see the laborers coming home for supper, while the sun setting behind me makes the village windows blaze; and so I take my oars, and pull leisurely through waters faintly flushed with evening colors.

. . . An idle life I live in this place, as the world counts it; but then I have the satisfaction of differing from the world as to the meaning of idleness. A windmill twirling its arms all day is admirable only when there is corn to grind. Twirling its arms for the mere barren pleasure of twirling them, or for the sake of looking busy, does not deserve any rapturous pæan of praise. I must be made happy after my own fashion, not after the fashion of other people. Here I can live as I please, here I can throw the reins on the neck of my whim. Here I play with my own thoughts.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS.

BENJAMIN HARRISON was born at North Bend, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1833. He was educated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, graduating in 1852. In 1854 he began the practice of the law at Indianapolis, Indiana, and became very successful in it. He was an officer in the Federal army of the Civil War, and served with skill and devotion. In 1880 he was chosen a senator in Congress. In 1888 he was elected President of the United States. After the completion of his term of office he was appointed lecturer on International Law at the Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California.

He died in Indianapolis, March 13, 1901.

The present selection is taken from "This Country of Ours," by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.



If we would strengthen our country, we must cultivate a love for it in our own hearts and in the hearts of our children and neighbors; and this love for civil institutions, for a land, for a flag — if they are worthy and great and have a glorious history — is widened and deepened by a fuller knowledge of them.

A certain love of one's native land is instinctive, and the value of this instinct should be allowed; but it is short of patriotism. When the call is to battle with an invader, this instinct has a high value. It is true that the large majority of those who have died to found and to maintain our civil institutions were not highly instructed in constitutional law; but

they were not ignorant of the doctrine of human rights, and they had a deep, though perhaps a very general, sense of the value of our civil institutions.

If a boy were asked to give his reasons for loving his mother, he would be likely to say, with the sweetest disregard of logic and catalogues, "Well, I just love her." And we must not be too hard on the young citizen who "just loves" his country, however uninstructed he may be. Nevertheless, patriotism should be cultivated; should, in every home, be communicated to the children, not casually, but by plan and of forethought. For too long our children got it as they did the measles — caught it. Now, in the schools, American history and American civil institutions are beginning to have more, but not yet adequate, attention as serious and important studies.

The impulse of patriotism needs to be instructed, guided — brought to the wheel — if it is to do the everyday work of American politics. Sentiment? Yes, never too much; but with it, and out of it, a faithful discharge of the prosy routine of a citizen's duty. . . .

It has seemed to me that a fuller knowledge of our civil institutions and a deeper love of them would make us more watchful for their purity; that we should think less of the levy necessary to restore stolen public funds, and more of the betrayal and shame of the thing.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THE SNOWSTORM.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He graduated at Harvard University in 1821. During several years he was a school-teacher. In 1839 he became minister of the Second Church in Boston. Having resigned thence, he established his home in Concord, Massachusetts. His residence in that town added much to the repute it already possessed. In 1836 his first book, "Nature" was published. At home and abroad it began to make the author famous. Afterwards came the "Essays"—giving high inspiration to many minds,—a number of other valuable prose works, and two volumes of poems. His poetry, like his prose, shows wonderful insight, and is at times exquisitely melodious. It has been said that he was at all times a poet.



He died at his home in Concord, April 27, 1882.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of the unseen quarry evermore

Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Carves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

BOYHOOD OF HORACE GREELEY.

JAMES PARTON was born at Canterbury, England, Feb. 9, 1822. While yet a child he was brought to America, and as he grew to manhood he became thoroughly imbued with the love of republican institutions. Here he became a journalist. He was one of the well-known American writers, the author of several biographical works of much merit.

He died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, Oct. 17, 1891.



There was little work to do at home, and after breakfast the house was left to take care of itself, and away went the family, father, mother, boys, girls, and oxen to work together.

Clearing land offers an excellent field for family labor, as it affords work adapted to all degrees of strength. The father chopped the larger logs, and directed the labor of all the company. Horace drove the oxen, and drove them none too well, say the neighbors, and was gradually supplanted in the office of driver by his younger brother.

Both the boys could chop the smaller trees. Their mother and sisters gathered together the light wood into heaps. And when the great logs had to be rolled one upon another, there was scope for the combined skill and strength of the whole party.

Many happy and merry days the family spent

together in this employment. The mother's spirit never flagged. Her voice rose in song and laughter from the tangled brushwood in which she was so often buried ; and no word discordant or unkind was ever known to break the perfect harmony, to interrupt the perfect good humor that prevailed in the family.

At night, they went home to the most primitive of suppers.

The neighbors still point out a tract of fifty acres which was cleared in this sportive and Swiss-Family-Robinson-like manner. They show the spring on the side of the road where the family used to stop and drink on their way ; and they show a hemlock tree, growing from the rocks above the spring, which used to furnish the brooms, weekly renewed, which swept the little house in which the little family lived.

To complete the picture, imagine them all clad in the same material, the coarsest kind of linsey-woolsey, homespun, dyed with butternut bark, and the different garments made in the roughest and simplest manner by the mother.

More than three garments at the same time, Horace seldom wore in the summer, and these were,— a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation, a tow shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trousers made of the family material. . . . In the winter he added a pair of shoes and a jacket. During the five years of his life at Westhaven, probably his clothes did not cost three dollars a year ; and I believe that, during the

whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he came of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended upon his dress. . . .

He went to school three winters in Westhaven, but not to any great advantage. He had already gone the round of district school studies, and did little more after his tenth year than walk over the course, keeping lengths ahead of all competitors, with little effort.

“He was always,” says one of his Westhaven schoolmates, “at the top of the school. He seldom had a teacher that could teach him anything. Once, and once only, he missed a word. His fair face was crimsoned in an instant. He was terribly cut about it, and I fancied he was not himself for a week after.

“I see him now, as he sat in class, with his slender body, his large head, his open, ample forehead, his pleasant smile, and his coarse, clean, homespun clothes. His attitude was always the same. He sat with his arms loosely folded, his head bent forward, his legs crossed, and one foot swinging.

“He did not seem to pay attention, but nothing escaped him. He appeared to attend more from curiosity to hear what sort of work *we* made of the lesson than from any interest he took in the subject for his own sake. Once I parsed a word egregiously wrong, and Horace was so taken aback by the mistake that he was startled from his propriety, and exclaimed, loud enough for the class to hear him,

‘*What* a fool!’ The manner of it was so ludicrous that I, and all the class, burst into laughter.”

. . . If Horace got little good himself from his last winters at school, he was of great assistance to his schoolfellows in explaining to them the difficulties of their lessons. Few evenings passed in which some strapping fellow did not come to the house with his grammar or his slate, and sit demurely at the side of Horace, while the distracting sum was explained, or the dark passage in the parsing lesson illuminated.

The boy delighted to render such assistance. However deeply he might be absorbed in his own studies, as soon as he saw a puzzled countenance peering in at the door, he knew his man, knew what was wanted; and would jump up from his recumbent posture in the chimney corner, and proceed, with a patience that is still gratefully remembered, to impart the information required of him.

In his passion for books, he was alone among his companions, who attributed his continual reading more to indolence than to his acknowledged superiority of intelligence. It was often predicted that, whoever else might prosper, Horace never would.

And yet, he gave proof in very early life that the Yankee element was strong within him. In the first place, he was always *doing* something; and, in the second, he always had something to *sell*. He saved nuts, and exchanged them at the store for articles he wished to purchase. He would hack away, hours at

a time, at a pitch-pine stump, the roots of which are as inflammable as pitch itself, and, tying up the roots in little bundles, he would "back" the load to the store, and sell it for kindling wood.

His favorite outdoor sport, too, at Westhaven, was bee-hunting, which is not only an agreeable and exciting pastime, but occasionally rewards the hunter with a prodigious mass of honey—as much as a hundred and fifty pounds having been frequently obtained from a single tree. This was profitable sport, and Horace liked it amazingly. His share of the honey generally found its way to the store. By these and other expedients, the boy managed always to have a little money, and when a peddler came along with books in his wagon, Horace was pretty sure to be his customer. . . .

What did he read? Whatever he could get. But his preference was for history, poetry, and — newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old. He read the "Arabian Nights" with intense interest in his eighth year; "Robinson Crusoe" in his ninth; Shakespeare in his eleventh; in his twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years, he read a good many of the common, superficial histories — Robertson's, Goldsmith's, and others — and as many tales and romances as he could borrow.

JAMES PARTON.

FORMS OF ANIMALS.



EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 12, 1729. He graduated at Trinity College in 1748. He then began the study of law ; but this he soon abandoned and devoted himself to literary work. In 1765 he was elected to Parliament, and there he distinguished himself greatly by his eloquence. His command of language was remarkable. Several of his greatest speeches were made in defence of the American colonists. It has been said that "he had an inexhaustible wealth of powerful and cultured expression."

He died at Bath, England, July 9, 1797.

That proportion has but a small share in the formation of beauty is fully evident among animals. Here the greatest variety of shapes and disproportions of parts are well fitted to excite this idea.

The swan, confessedly a beautiful bird, has a neck longer than the rest of his body, and but a very short tail : is this a beautiful proportion ? We must allow that it is. But, then, what shall we say to the peacock, who has comparatively but a short neck, with a tail longer than the neck and the rest of the body taken together ?

How many birds are there that vary infinitely from each of these standards, and from every other which you can fix, with proportions different, and

often directly opposite to each other! and yet many of these birds are extremely beautiful; when, upon considering them, we find nothing in any one part that might determine us, *a priori*, to say what the others ought to be, nor, indeed, to guess anything about them, but what experience might show to be full of disappointment and mistake.

And with regard to the colors, either of birds or flowers,—for there is something similar in the coloring of both, whether they are considered in their extension or gradation,—there is nothing of proportion to be observed. Some are of but one single color, others have all the colors of the rainbow; some are of the primary colors, others are of the mixed; in short, an attentive observer may soon conclude that there is as little of proportion in the coloring as in the shapes of these objects.

Turn next to beasts: examine the head of a beautiful horse; find what proportion that bears to his body, and to his limbs, and what relations these have to each other; and when you have settled these proportions as a standard of beauty, then take a dog or a cat, or any other animal, and examine how far the same proportions between the head and the neck, between those and the body, and so on, are found to hold. I think we may safely say that they differ in every species; yet that there are individuals found in a great many species so differing, that have a very striking beauty.

Now if it be allowed that very different, and even contrary, forms and disposition are consistent with beauty, it amounts, I believe, to a concession that no certain measures, operating from a natural principle, are necessary to produce it, at least so far as the brute species is concerned.

EDMUND BURKE.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest :
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

[From "The Merchant of Venice."] WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AN INDIAN CHIEF.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806. His academic education was acquired in the schools of that city. At the early age of seven, he showed a passion for literary effort. On reaching maturity, he became for a while a student of the law. In 1828 he edited the *Charleston City Gazette*. At about the same period he published two volumes of verse. Then began the series of novels that attained much popularity and widely increased his fame. These relate, in the main, to southern life, and abound in "local color." His works have been republished in recent times, in seventeen illustrated volumes.

He died in Charleston, June 11, 1870.

The present selection is taken from "The Yemassee."



The gray soft tints of an April dawn had scarcely yet begun to lighten in the dim horizon, when the low door of an Indian lodge that lay almost embowered in a forest thicket, might be seen to open, and a tall warrior to emerge slowly and in silence from its shelter. He was followed by a dog, somewhat handsomer than those which usually claim the red man for a master.

The warrior was armed after the Indian fashion. The long, straight bow, with a bunch of arrows, probably a dozen in number, suspended by a thong of deerskin, hung loosely upon his shoulders. His hatchet, or tomahawk, was slightly secured to his

waist by a girdle of the same material. His dress, which fitted tightly to his person, indicated a frequent intercourse with the whites. He wore a sort of pantaloons, the seams of which had been permanently secured with strings, unsewed, but tied. They were made of tanned buckskin of the brightest yellow, and of as tight a fit as the most punctilious dandy in modern times would insist upon.

An upper garment, also of buckskin, made with more regard to freedom of limb, and called by the whites a hunting shirt, completed the dress. Sometimes the wearer threw this loosely across his shoulders, secured with the broad belt which usually accompanied the garment. Buskins, or, as he named them, moccasins, also of the skin of the deer, tanned, or in its natural state, according to caprice or energy, inclosed his feet tightly.

The form of the warrior was large and justly proportioned. Stirring event and trying exercise had given it a confident, free, and manly carriage. He might have been about fifty years of age; certainly he could not have been less; though we arrive at this conclusion rather from the strong and sagacious expression of his features than from any mark of feebleness or age.

Unlike the Yemassee¹ generally, who seem to have been of an elastic and frank temper, the chief — for such he is — whom we describe, seemed one

¹ yēm'ə sēs'.

who had learned to despise all the light employments of life, and now lived only in constant meditation of deep scheme and subtle adventure.

Thus appearing, and followed closely by his dog, advancing from the shelter of his wigwam, he drew tightly the belt about his waist, and feeling carefully the string of his bow, as if to satisfy himself that it could be depended on, prepared to go forth into the forest.

[Abridgment.]

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

CHARACTER.

How seldom, friends, a good great man inherits,
 Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains !
 If any man obtain that which he merits,
 Or any merit that which he obtains —
 For shame, dear friends, renounce this canting strain ;
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ;
 Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain ?
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?
 Greatness and goodness are not means but ends :
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man — three treasures, Love and Light,
 And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath ;
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE REALITY OF LIFE.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE was born in Liverpool, England, Dec. 29, 1809. His education was begun at Eton School and completed at Oxford University, where, in 1831, he graduated with the highest honors. In 1832 he was elected to Parliament, and there entered on a political career of long duration and great significance. He served several terms as a member of the Royal Cabinet. He was an able statesman, a powerful orator, an ardent patriot, and an industrious scholar.

He died at his home in Hawarden,¹ May 19, 1898. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The present selection is taken from an essay entitled "The Might of the Right," by courtesy of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

It is sometimes said that this world is a world only of shadows and phantoms. We may safely reply that, whatever it is, a world of shadows and phantoms it can never truly be; for by shadows and phantoms we mean vague existences, which neither endure nor act; creatures of the moment, which may touch the fancy, but which the understanding does not recognize; passing illusions, without heralds before them, without results or traces after them. With such a description as this, I say, our human life, in whatever state or station, can never correspond. It may be something better than this; it may be something worse; but this it can never be.

¹ há wär'den.

Our life may be food to us, or may, if we will have it so, be poison; but one or the other it must be. Whichever and whatever it is, beyond doubt it is eminently real. So, merely as the day and the night alternately follow one another, does every day when it yields to darkness, and every night when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us, for evil or for good.

The day of diligence, duty, and devotion leaves us richer than it found us; richer sometimes, and even commonly, in our circumstances; richer always in ourselves. But the day of aimless lethargy, the day of passionate and rebellious disorder, or of a merely selfish and perverse activity, as surely leaves us poorer at its close than we were at its beginning.

The whole experience of life, in small things and in great, what is it? It is an aggregate of real forces, which are always acting upon us, we also reacting upon them. It is in the nature of things impossible that, in their contact with our plastic and susceptible natures, they should leave us as we were; and to deny the reality of their daily and continual influence, merely because we cannot register its results, as we note the changes of the barometer, from hour to hour, would be just as rational as to deny that the sea acts upon the beach because the eye will not tell us to-morrow that it has altered from what it has been to-day.

If we fail to measure the results that are thus hourly wrought on shingle and in sand, it is not because those results are unreal, but because our vision is too limited in its power to discern them. When, instead of comparing day with day, we compare century with century, then we may often find that land has become sea, and sea has become land.

Even so we can perceive, at least in our neighbors — towards whom the eye is more impartial and discerning than towards ourselves — that under the steady pressure of the experience of life, human characters are continually being determined for good or evil; are developed, confirmed, modified, altered, or undermined.

. . . Nor are these real effects wrought by unreal instruments. Life and the world, their interests, their careers, the varied gifts of our nature, the traditions of our forefathers, the treasures of laws, institutions, usages of languages, of literature, and of art; all the beauty, glory, and delight with which the Almighty Father has clothed this earth for the use and profit of his children, and which evil, though it has defaced, has not been able to destroy: all these are not merely allowable, but ordained and appointed instruments for the training of mankind.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

WILLIAM WIRT was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, Nov. 8, 1772. His education was obtained in a classical school. He began the practice of the law at Culpepper Court-House, Virginia. He removed thence to Richmond, and there took very high rank in the profession. In 1817 he became attorney-general of the United States. This office he held during twelve years. He was eminent as an advocate; his oratory was ornate and impassioned.

He died in Washington, D.C., Feb. 18, 1834.



[NOTE.— These two great men, ex-Presidents of the United States, died July 4, 1826.]

These two great men, so eminently distinguished among the patriots of the Revolution, and so illustrious in their subsequent services, became still more so by having long survived all that were most highly conspicuous among their coevals. All the stars of the first magnitude in the equatorial and tropic regions had long since gone down, and still they remained. Still they stood full in view, like those two resplendent constellations near the opposite poles, which never set to the inhabitants of the neighboring zones.

But they too were doomed at length to set: and such was their setting as no American bosom can ever forget!

Hitherto, fellow-citizens, the Fourth of July has been celebrated among us, only as the anniversary of our Independence, and its votaries had been merely human beings. But at its last recurrence—the great Jubilee of the nation; the anniversary, as it may well be termed, of the liberty of man—Heaven itself mingled visibly in the celebration, and hallowed the day by a double apotheosis.¹

Is there one among us to whom this language seems too strong? Let him recall his own feelings, and the objection will vanish. When the first report reached us of the death of the great man whose residence was nearest, who among us was not struck with the circumstance that he should have been removed on the day of his own highest glory? And who, after the first shock of the intelligence had passed, did not feel a thrill of mournful delight at the characteristic beauty of the close of such a life?

But while our bosoms were yet swelling with admiration at this singularly beautiful coincidence, when the second report immediately followed, of the death of the sage of Quincy, on the same day—I appeal to yourselves—is there a voice that was not hushed, is there a heart that did not quail, at this close manifestation of Heaven in our affairs?

Philosophy, recovered of her surprise, may affect to treat the incident as fortuitous. But Philosophy herself was mute, at the moment, under the pressure of

¹ äp' ð the' ð sîs; exaltation.

the feeling that these illustrious men had rather been translated, than had died. It is in vain to tell us that men die by thousands every day in the year, all over the world. The wonder is not that two men have died on the same day, but that two *such* men, after having performed so many and such splendid services in the cause of liberty; after the multitude of other coincidences which seem to have linked their destinies together; after having lived so long together, the objects of their country's joint veneration; after having been spared to witness the great triumph of their toils at home, and looking together from Pisgah's¹ top on the sublime impulse which they had given to the same glorious cause throughout the world; that they should be caught up to Heaven in the midst of their raptures! . . .

Thus lived and thus died our sainted Patriots! May their spirits still continue to hover over their countrymen, inspire all their counsels, and guide them in the same virtuous and noble path! And may that God in whose hands are the issues of all things, confirm and perpetuate to us the inestimable boon which, through their agency, He has bestowed; and make our Columbia the bright exemplar for all the struggling sons of liberty around the globe!

WILLIAM WIRT.

¹See the Bible, book of Deuteronomy, chapter 34.

THE TIDE OF KNOCKWINNOCK BAY.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool, moist, hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual watermark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side.

Following the windings of the beach, they passed one point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. . . .

The wind began to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on the shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst

upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by the sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, — "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the center of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither dared communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which had brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable

to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket Head! that person must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God, indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she so strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why didn't you turn back when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation — "we thought we could get round Halket Head."

"Halket Head! The tide will be running on Halket Head by this time like the Fall of Fyers! It was all I could do to get round it twenty minutes since; it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

"My God! my child!" "My father! my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and the daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavored to double the

point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

“I heard you were here from the little boy you sent to meet your carriage,” said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, “and I couldn’t bear to think of the dainty young lady’s peril, that has always been kind to every forlorn heart that came near her. So I looked at the sky and the run o’ the tide, till I settled it that, if I could get down time enough to give you warning, you would do well yet.

“But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ever saw such a race as the tide is running now? See, yonder is Ratton’s Rock; he always held his head above the water in my day, but he’s beneath it now.”

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which, in general, even in spring tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

“Make haste, make haste, my bonnie lady,” continued the old man — “make haste, and we may do yet! Take hold of my arm; an old and frail arm it is now, but it’s been in as sore stress as this before. Take hold of my arm, my winsome lady! Do you see yon little black speck among the wallowing waves

yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast of a brig; it's small enough now, but while I see as much black about it as the crown of my hat, I will not believe but we'll come around Ballyburgh Ness, for all that's come and gone yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to find their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in such an awesome night as this." . . .

Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path where an intervening projection hid it from their sight.

Deprived of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they

ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur — "My child! my child! to die such a death."

"My father, my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him; "and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavoring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary of life; and here or yonder — at the back of a dike, in a wreath of snow, or in the heart of the wave, what signifies it how the old gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? — of no help? I'll make you rich; I'll give you a farm; I'll —"

"Our riches will soon be equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters; "they are so already, for I have no land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twelve hours."

While they exchanged these words they paused upon the highest rock they could attain; for it seemed

that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element. . . .

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard but scarcely comprehended his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift.

"I was a bold cragsman," he said, "once in my life, and many a kittywake's and lungie's nest have I harried up among the very black rocks; but it's long, long ago, and no mortal could climb them without a rope; and if I had one, my eyesight and my footstep and my hand-grip have all failed many a day since; and then how could I save you? But there was a path here once, though maybe, if we could see it, you would rather stay where we are."

"His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's one coming down the crag even now!" Then, exalting his voice, he halloed out to the

daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind.

“ You’re right, you’re right ! that way, that way ! Fasten the rope well round Crummie’s Horn, that’s the big black stone ; cast two plies round it ; that’s it. Now turn yourself a little eastward, a little more yet to that other stone — we called it the Cat’s Ear. There used to be the root of an oak tree there. That will do ! Canny, now, lad, canny, now. Take care and take time. Very well. Now you must get to Bessy’s Apron, — that’s the great broad flat blue stone ; and then I think, with your help and the two together, I’ll work with you, and then we’ll be able to get up the young lady and Sir Arthur.”

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag — a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside Lovel.

Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope ; and again mounting to

their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree and such aid as Sir Arthur could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows. . . .

It was a summer night doubtless ; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray, and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

“The lassie, the poor sweet lassie,” said the old man, “many such a night have I weathered at home and abroad ; but, God guide us ! how can she ever win through it !”

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel ; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger and become instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence. “I’ll climb up the cliff again,” he said, “there’s daylight enough left to see my footing — I’ll climb up and call for more assistance.”

“Do so, do so, for Heaven’s sake !” said Sir Arthur, eagerly.

“Are you mad ?” said the mendicant. “Francie of Fowlsheugh, and he was the best cragsman that ever climbed crag, would not have ventured upon the Halket Head crags after sundown. It’s God’s grace, and a great wonder besides, that you are not in the

middle of that roaring sea with what you have done already. I didn't think there was the man left alive who would have come down the crags as you did. . . . But to venture up again—it's a mere and clear tempting of Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough to see them quite well. I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"If you go, I'll go too;" answered the poor man, sturdily; "for between the two of us we'll have more than work enough to get to the top of the cliff."

"No, no; stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour; you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yourself then, and I'll go," said the old man; "let death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly; "I am well, and can spend the night very well here; I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her; she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture, half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel. "What is to be done? Hark! hark! Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The scream of a Tammie Norie,"¹ answered Ochiltree; "I know the cry well."

"No," replied Lovel, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises and the clang of the sea-mews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above.

Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who, apparently, were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. . . . The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground and sufficiently secured.

A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched

¹ A cormorant.

along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an armchair, well-secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had rested. . . . It swung about a yard free of the spot they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope which in the increasing darkness had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. . . . But, to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it and held by persons beneath, might serve by way of guy to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. . . .

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neck-cloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet.

“What are you doing with my bairn? What are you doing? She shall not be separated from me. Isabel, stay with me, I command you.”

“Sir Arthur, hold your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job,” cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable demands of the poor baronet.

“Farewell, my father,” murmured Isabella; “farewell, my — my friends;” and, shutting her eyes, as

Eddie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

"Canny, now, lads, canny, now!" exclaimed old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bit. Now — there! there she sits safe on dry land!"

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. . . .

"This is a naughty night to swim in," said the Antiquary. "Miss Wardour, let me convey you to your chariot."

"Not for worlds, till I see my father safe."

"Right, right, that's right, too. I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself. . . . But he's safe now, and here he comes, here he comes; bowse away, my boys, canny with him. A pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny rope; the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp. Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm or dry land."

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the embraces of his daughter, who,

assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended. "What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then, as the torches illumined the rough face and gray hairs of old Ochiltree — "What! is it thou? Come, old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee!"

Oldbuck thrust something into his hand. Ochiltree looked at it by the torchlight and returned it. "No, no! I never take gold; besides, you may be ruing it to-morrow." Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants — "Now, sirs, who will give me a supper and some clean pease-straw?"

"I," "And I," "And I," answered many a ready voice.

"Well, since it is so, and I can only sleep in one barn at once, I'll go down with Saunders Mucklebackit; he has always a sup of something comfortable about his house; and, children, maybe I shall live to put each one of you in mind some other night that you have promised me lodging and something to eat;" and away he went with the fisherman.

THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES.



PATRICK HENRY was born in Studley, Hanover County, Virginia, May 29, 1736. From his father he received a classical education. In 1760 he entered the legal profession, and such was his eloquence at the bar and in the forum that he came to be regarded as the most powerful of American orators. The burning words spoken by him in the Virginia House of Burgesses upon the question of American independence may be regarded as the most memorable utterance in the early political history of the American people. In 1776 Henry was chosen governor of Virginia, and was four

times reëlected to that office.

He died at Redhall, Virginia, June 6, 1799.

[NOTE.—Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, Patrick Henry proposed, in the Virginia Assembly, that those persons who had left the state in consequence of their adherence to the policy of the mother country should be permitted to return. This measure was violently resisted, but was finally adopted, chiefly under the impression produced by Henry's overwhelming eloquence.]

Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country; observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people;

the only question is, whether you choose to reach the point by slow gradations and at some distant period ; lingering on through a long and sickly minority ; subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to chastise them ;—or whether you choose, rather, to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration ; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in this land of promise ; make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed ; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power ; and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth ; able, Sir, to take care of herself without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid.

Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms ; her harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent ; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas ; and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

PATRICK HENRY.

LUCY GRAY;

OR SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor, —
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night, —
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father ! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon, —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow:
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, — and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet;” —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London, England, May 23, 1790, the son of a Scotch bookseller. From childhood his constitution was fragile. In 1818 he began to learn the art of engraving. Within the next three years he was appointed an editor of the *London Magazine*, and in that service formed the acquaintance of many eminent literary men. For ten consecutive years he wrote, unaided, a series of books called "The Comic Annual." His humorous verse is among the brightest in the English language. A number of his poems are tenderly pathetic. His "Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt" still move the sympathies of the reader.



After a brave struggle against disease and other misfortunes, he died May 3, 1845.

Summer is gone on swallows' wings,
 And earth has buried all her flowers ;
 No more the lark, the linnet sings,
 And silence sits in faded bowers.
 There is a shadow on the plain
 Of Winter ere he comes again, —
 There is in woods a solemn sound
 Of hollow warnings whispered round,
 As Echo in her deep recess
 For once had turned a prophetess.
 Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
 And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
 With clouded face, and hazel eyes
 That quench themselves, and hide in mist. . . .

Delightful Summer! then adieu
 'Till thou shalt visit us anew :
 But who without regretful sigh
 Can say adieu, and see thee fly?
 Not he that e'er hath felt thy power,
 His joy expanding like a flower
 That cometh after rain and snow,
 Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow :—
 Not he that fled from Babel-strife
 To the green Sabbath-land of life,
 To dodge dull Care 'mid clustered trees,
 And cool his forehead in the breeze, —
 Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,
 Shook from its wings a weight of grief,
 And perched upon an aspen-leaf,
 For every breath to make it dance. . . .

Farewell! — on wings of somber stain,
 That blacken in the last blue skies,
 Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again
 On the gay wings of butterflies.
 Spring at thy approach will sprout
 Her new Corinthian beauties out;
 Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words
 Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds;
 Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,
 And April smiles to sunny hours.
 Bright days shall be, and gentle nights,
 Full of soft breath and echo-lights,
 As if the god of sun-time kept
 His eyes half open while he slept.
 Roses shall be where roses were,
 Not shadows, but reality;

As if they never perished there,
But slept in immortality :
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright
As if its source were in the sun !

But still for Summer dost thou grieve ?
Then read our poets — they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after treats
The essences of Summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind :
They have stamped in visible traces
The "thoughts that breathe" in words that shine —
The flights of soul in sunny places —
To greet and company with thine.
These shall wing thee on to flowers —
The past or future that shall seem
All the brighter in thy dream
For blowing in such desert hours.
The Summer never shines so bright
As thought of in a Winter's night ;
And the sweetest, loveliest rose
Is in the bud before it blows. . . .

Dream thou then, and bind thy brow
With wreath of fancy roses now,
And drink of Summer in the cup
Where the Muse hath mixed it up.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE FORTUNE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The distinction and end of a soundly constituted man is his labor. Use is inscribed on all his faculties. Use is the end to which he exists. As the tree exists for its fruit, so a man for his work. A fruitless plant, an idle animal, does not stand in the universe. They are all toiling, however secretly or slowly, in the province assigned them, and to a use in the economy of the world; the higher and more complex organizations to higher and more catholic service.

And man seems to play, by his instincts and activity, a certain part that even tells on the general face of the planet, drains swamps, leads rivers into dry countries, for their irrigation, perforates forests and stony mountain chains with roads, hinders the inroads of the sea on the continent, as if dressing it for happier races. . . .

Justice satisfies everybody, and justice alone. No monopoly must be foisted in, no weak party or nationality sacrificed, no coward compromise conceded to a strong partner. Every one of these is the seed of vice, war, and national disorganization.

It is our part to carry out to the last the ends of liberty and justice. We shall stand, then, for vast interests; North and South, East and West will be present to our minds, and our vote will be as if they voted, and we shall know that our vote secures the

foundation of the state, good will, liberty, and security of traffic and of production, and mutual increase of good will in the great interests.

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing.

In seeing this guidance of events, in seeing this felicity without example that has rested on the Union thus far, I find new confidence for the future. I could heartily wish that our will and endeavor were more active parties to the work. But I see in all directions the light breaking. Trade and government will not alone be the favored aims of mankind, but every useful, every elegant art, every exercise of imagination, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion, will find their home in our institutions and write our laws for the benefit of men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CORIOLANUS.

[There was war between the Romans and the Volscians. Coriolanus, one of the Roman generals, having been humiliated by the Roman rulers, had gone over to the enemy. — Read Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."]

There was so much of disagreement that the Roman nobles would have had recourse to war to rid them of the enemy, but the Commons were urgent that they should seek for conditions of peace. And this opinion prevailed.

Ambassadors therefore were sent to Coriolanus, to whom he gave this answer only: "When ye shall have given back all their lands to the Volscians, then ye may talk of peace. But if ye seek to enjoy in peace that which ye took for yourselves by war, ye shall see that I forget neither what wrong I suffered from my own people, nor what kindness I have received from my hosts."

And when the ambassadors were sent a second time, he would not suffer them to enter the camp. After them came the priests, bearing the emblems of their office; nor did these prevail more than the ambassadors.

Then a great company of women came to Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and to Volumnia, that was his wife. . . .

These women then prevailed with Veturia, though she was now well stricken in years, and with Volumnia, that they should go to the camp of Coriolanus;

and Volumnia carried with her the two sons of Coriolanus.

These having come, it was told the man that a great company of women was arrived. At the first, indeed, he was not minded to yield to their tears what he had steadily refused to the ambassadors. But afterward, a certain one of his friends, seeing Veturia stand together with her daughter-in-law and grandsons, said, "Unless my eyes deceive me, thy mother and wife and children are here."

Coriolanus, being greatly troubled, leapt from his seat and would have embraced his mother. But she, turning from supplication to anger, cried: "I fain would know, before I receive thy embrace, whether I see a son or an enemy before me; whether I am thy mother or a prisoner. Has long life been given me for this, that I should see thee first an exile and afterward an enemy? Couldst thou bear to lay waste the land which gave thee birth and nurture?"

"Didst thou not think to thyself, seeing Rome, 'Within those walls are my home, my mother, my wife, my children?' As for me, I cannot suffer more than I have already endured; nor doth there yet remain to me a long space of life or of misery. But consider these thy children. If thou art steadfast to work thy will, they must either die before their time or grow old in bondage."

When she had ended these words, his wife and his children embraced him; and at the same time the

whole company of women set up a great wailing. Thus was the purpose of Coriolanus changed, and, breaking up his camp, he led his army away.

[Version by Alfred J. Church.]

TITUS LIVIUS (LIVY).

CHRISTMAS.

Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and color with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow.

Snow lay on the croft and river bank in undulations softer than the limbs of infancy; it lay with the neatliest finished border on every sloping roof, making the dark red gables stand out with a new depth of color; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir trees, till it fell from them with a shuddering sound; it clothed the rough turnip field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts, and here and there a disregarded four-footed beast stood as if petrified "in unrecumbent sadness"; there was no gleam, no shadow, for the heavens, too, were one still, pale cloud; no sound or motion in anything but the dark river that flowed and moaned like an unresting sorrow.

But old Christmas smiled as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the outdoor world, for he meant to

light up home with a new brightness, to deepen all the richness of indoor color, and give a keener delight to the warm fragrance of food; he meant to prepare a sweet imprisonment that would strengthen the primitive fellowship of kindred, and make the sunshine of familiar human faces as welcome as the hidden day-star.

His kindness fell but hardly on the homeless—fell but hardly on the homes where the hearth was not very warm, and where the food had little fragrance; where the human faces had no sunshine in them, but rather the leaden, blank-eyed gaze of unexpectant want.

But the fine old season meant well; and if he has not learned the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father Time, with ever unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart.

“GEORGE ELIOT.”

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

TENNYSON.

TO A SKYLARK.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, near Horsham, England, Aug. 4, 1792. He was slight of figure, of fair and ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes and rich brown, curling hair. At school he was sensitive and shy, but "noble, high-spirited, and generous." He studied at Eton Academy, and before leaving that school he had published a romance. He graduated at Oxford University in April, 1810. While at that institution he published many poems. The chief of his longer poetical writings are "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," and

"The Cenci." Many of his shorter poems are exceedingly beautiful.

He was drowned by the capsizing of his boat in the Mediterranean Sea, near Italy, in July, 1822.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. . . .

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence rains a shower of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: . . .

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering un beholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view. . . .

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? . . .

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE KNAVE AND THE STAFF.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, more commonly known as Cervantes, was born in Spain, October, 1547. In youth he served as a soldier. He lost his left arm in battle, and was five years a captive in Algiers. In 1605 his "Don Quixote" was published, a work that at once gave him fame and that yet maintains a vast popularity. The present extract is taken from that book. Other romances and numerous plays came from his hand.

He died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.— It was on the same day that Shakespeare died.



Two old men appeared before the governor, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff.

"My lord," said the other — who had no staff — "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to repay me than he labored under when he borrowed it.

"However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to sue him for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied that he owed me anything, and said that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.

“Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world.”

“What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?” asked Sancho.

“Sir,” answered the old man, “I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money.”

Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold — as if it hindered him — while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge’s rod; this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it.

The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten that he had been repaid.

Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was

about leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little; I have a use for it."

"With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it to him.

Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your way, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."

"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth twelve gold crowns?"

"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom."

This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns.

All the spectators were amazed, and began to look upon their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned the money into his

own hands, after which he took the cane again from the plaintiff — this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the staff.

CERVANTES.

SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The shepherds homeward moved
Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
— Though I am conscious that no power of words
Can body forth, no hues of speech can paint,
That gorgeous spectacle, too bright and fair
Even for remembrance, yet the attempt may give
Collateral interest to this homely tale.
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far-sinking into splendor — without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace high,
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts

Bore stars — illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvelous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge,
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne,
Beneath a shining canopy of state,
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified ;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth ; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible —
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PIONEERS.



WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, New York, May 31, 1819. In early youth he taught in public schools. At the age of twenty-seven he became editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The restraints of such a duty soon grew irksome, and he turned his attention to the writing of verse. His poetry is peculiar in form and highly original in thought. Among reputable critics there is great difference of opinion regarding it. It has been claimed that Whitman is one of the two great poets of American birth. His work is esteemed in England not less highly than in our own country; an edition

of his poems was published in England as early as 1868. He wrote much in prose also, and a complete collection of these writings was published in the year of his death.

Mr. Whitman died at Camden, New Jersey, March 27, 1892.

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friend-
ship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you tramping with
the foremost,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there
beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the
lesson,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and
the march,

Pioneers ! O pioneers !

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the
unknown ways,

Pioneers ! O pioneers !

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep
the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil up-
heaving,

Pioneers ! O pioneers !

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement
beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front,
all for us,

Pioneers ! O pioneers !

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in
embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel
clearing,

Pioneers ! O pioneers !

O you daughters of the West !
O you young and elder daughters ! O you mothers and
you wives !
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Minstrels latent on the prairies !
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have
done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp
amid us,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the
studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoy-
ment,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Has the night descended ?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged
on our way ?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause
oblivious,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call — hark ! how loud and clear
I hear it wind,
Swift ! to the head of the army ! — swift ! spring to
your places,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

WALT WHITMAN.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINBAD, THE
SAILOR.

I had a father, a merchant, who was one of the first in rank among the people and the merchants, and who possessed abundant wealth and ample fortune. He died when I was a young child, leaving to me wealth and buildings and fields; and when I grew up I put my hand upon the whole of the property, ate well and drank well, associated with the young men, wore handsome apparel, and passed my life with my friends and companions, feeling confident that this course would continue and profit me; and I ceased not to live in this manner for a length of time. I then returned to my reason, and recovered from my heedlessness, and found that my wealth had passed away, and my condition had changed, and all the money that I had possessed had gone.

Upon this, I resolved, and arose and bought for myself goods and commodities and merchandise, with such other things as were required for travel; and my mind had consented to my performing a sea voyage. So I entered in a ship, and it descended to the city of Balsora, with a company of merchants, and we traversed the sea for many days and nights. We had passed by island after island, and from sea to sea, and from land to land; and in every place by which we passed we sold and bought, and exchanged merchandise. We continued our voyage until we

arrived at an island like one of the gardens of Paradise, and at that island the master of the ship brought her to anchor with us. He cast the anchor, and put forth the landing plank, and all who were in the ship landed upon that island. They had prepared for themselves fire pots, and they lighted the fires in them; and their occupations were various: some cooked; others washed; and others amused themselves.

But while we were thus engaged, lo, the master of the ship, standing upon its side, called out with his loudest voice: "Come up quickly into the ship, hasten to embark, and leave your merchandise, and flee with your lives, and save yourselves from destruction. For this apparent island, upon which ye are, is not really an island, but it is a great fish that hath become stationary in the midst of the sea, and the sand hath accumulated upon it, so that it hath become like an island, and trees have grown upon it since the times of old. And when ye lighted upon it the fire, it felt the heat, and put itself in motion, and now it will descend with you into the sea, and ye will all be drowned; then seek for yourselves escape before destruction, and leave the merchandise!"

The passengers, therefore, hearing the words of the master of the ship, hastened to go up into the vessel, leaving the merchandise, and their other goods, and their copper cooking pots, and their fire pots; and some reached the ship, and others reached it not. I was among the number of those who re-

mained behind upon the island, so I sank in the sea with the rest who sank. But God delivered me and saved me from drowning, and supplied me with a great wooden bowl, of the bowls in which the passengers had been washing, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, induced by the sweetness of life, and beat the water with my feet as with oars, while the waves sported with me, tossing me to the right and left. The master of the vessel had caused her sails to be spread, and pursued his voyage with those who had embarked, not regarding such as had been submerged; and I ceased not to look at that vessel until it was concealed from my eye.

I made sure of destruction, and night came upon me while I was in this state; but I remained so a day and a night, and the winds and the waves aided me until the bowl came to a stoppage with me under a high island whereon were trees overhanging the sea. I threw myself upon the island like one dead, and was unconscious of my existence, and drowned in my stupefaction, and I ceased not to remain in this condition until the next day. The sun having then arisen upon me, I awoke upon the island, and found that my feet were swollen, and that I had become reduced to the state in which I then was. Awhile I dragged myself along in a sitting posture, and then I crawled upon my knees. And there were in the island fruits in abundance, and springs of sweet water. I therefore ate of those fruits; and I

ceased not to continue in this state for many days and nights.

Thus I remained until I walked, one day, upon the shore of the island, and there appeared unto me an indistinct object in the distance. I imagined that it was a wild beast, or one of the beasts of the sea; and I walked toward it, ceasing not to gaze at it; and, lo, it was a mare, of superb appearance, picketed in a part of the island by the seashore. I approached her; but she cried out against me with a great cry, and I trembled with fear of her, and was about to return, when, behold, a man came forth from beneath the earth, and he called to me and pursued me, saying to me, "Who art thou, and whence hast thou come, and what is the cause of thine arrival in this place?" So I answered him, "O my master, know that I am a stranger, and I was in a ship, and was submerged in the sea with certain others of the passengers; but God supplied me with a wooden bowl, and I got into it, and it bore me along until the waves cast me upon this island."

When he heard my words, he laid hold of my hand, and said to me, "Come with me." I went with him, and he descended with me into a grotto beneath the earth, and conducted me into a large subterranean chamber, and, having seated me at the upper end of the chamber, brought me some food. I was hungry; so I ate until I was satiated and contented, and my soul became at ease. Then he asked me respecting

my case, and what had happened to me; wherefore I acquainted him with my whole affair from beginning to end, and he wondered at my story.

And when I had finished my tale, I said, "I have acquainted thee with the truth of my case, and of what hath happened to me, and I desire of thee that thou inform me who thou art, and what is the cause of thy dwelling in this chamber that is beneath the earth." So he replied: "Know that we are a party dispersed in this island, upon its shores, and we are the grooms of the King Mihrage, having under our care all his horses. I will take thee with me to the King Mihrage, and divert thee with the sight of our country." And shortly after his companions came. They drew near to me, and spread the table, and ate, and invited me; so I ate with them, after which they arose and mounted the horses, taking me with them, having mounted me on a mare.

We commenced our journey, and proceeded without ceasing, until we arrived in the city of the King Mihrage, and they went in to him, and acquainted him with my story. He therefore desired my presence, and they took me in to him, and stationed me before him; whereupon I saluted him, and he returned my salutation and welcomed me, greeting me in an honorable manner, and inquired of me respecting my case. So I informed him of all that had happened to me, and of all that I had seen from beginning to end. Then he treated me with beneficence and

honor, caused me to draw near to him, and began to cheer me with conversation and courtesy; and he made me his superintendent of the seaport, and registrar of every vessel that came to the coast. . . . I ceased not to remain in his service for a long time; and whenever I went to the shore, I used to inquire of the merchants and travelers and sailors respecting the direction of the city of Bagdad, that perchance some one might inform me of it, and I might go with him thither and return to my country; but none knew it. At this I was perplexed, and I was weary of the length of my absence from home.

I stood one day upon the shore of the sea, with a staff in my hand, as was my custom, and, lo, a great vessel approached, wherein were many merchants; and when it arrived at the harbor of the city and its place of anchoring, the master furled its sails, brought it to an anchor by the shore, and put forth the landing plank; and the sailors brought out everything that was in the vessel to the shore. They were slow in taking forth the goods, while I stood writing their account, and I said to the master of the ship, "Doth aught remain in thy vessel?" He answered, "Yes, O my master; I have some goods in the hold of the ship, but their owner was drowned in the sea at one of the islands during our voyage hither, and his goods are in our charge; so we desire to sell them, and to take a note of their price, in order to convey it to his family in the city of Bagdad,

the Abode of Peace." I therefore said to the master, "What was the name of that man, the owner of the goods?" He answered, "His name was Sinbad the Sailor, and he was drowned on his voyage with us in the sea." And when I heard his words, I looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and recognized him; and I cried out at him with a great cry, and said: "O master, know that I am the owner of the goods which thou hast mentioned, and I am Sinbad the Sailor, who descended upon the island from the ship, with the other merchants who descended. Therefore these goods that thou hast are my goods and my portion."

But the master said: "Because thou heardest me say that I had goods whose owner was drowned, therefore thou desirest to take them without price; and this is unlawful to thee; for we saw him when he sank, and there were with him many of the passengers, not one of whom escaped. How, then, dost thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods?"

So I said to him: "O master, hear my story, and understand my words, and my veracity will become manifest to thee; for falsehood is a characteristic of the hypocrites." Then I related to him all that I had done from the time I went forth with him from the city of Bagdad until we arrived at that island upon which we were submerged in the sea, and I mentioned to him some circumstances that occurred between me and him. Upon this, therefore, the master and the merchants were convinced of my veracity, and recog-

nized me, and they congratulated me on my safety. Then they gave me the goods and I found my name written upon them, and naught of them were missing. So I opened them, and took forth from them something precious and costly; the sailors of the ship carried it with me, and I went up to the King to offer it as a present, and informed him that this ship was the one in which I was a passenger. And the King wondered extremely; my veracity in all that I had said became manifest to him, and he loved me greatly, and treated me with exceeding honor, giving me a large present.

Then I sold my bales, as well as the other goods that I had, and gained upon them abundantly. And when the merchants of the ship desired to set forth on their voyage, I stowed all that I had in the vessel, and, going in to the King, thanked him for his beneficence and kindness; after which I begged him to grant me permission to depart on my voyage to my country and my family. So he bade me farewell, and gave me an abundance of things at my departure of the commodities of that city; and when I had taken leave of him, I embarked in the ship. We ceased not to prosecute our voyage night and day until we arrived in safety at the city of Balsora. There we landed, and remained a short time, and I rejoiced at my safety and my return to my native country; and after that I repaired to the city of Bagdad, the Abode of Peace.

[Abridged from an old translation.] THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A HIGHLAND SNOWSTORM.

JOHN WILSON was born at Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785. At the age of thirteen he entered the University of Glasgow. He went thence to Oxford. He was distinguished for his athletic frame and expressive face. His rank in scholarship was very high. In 1817 he aided in founding *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1826 he was virtually the editor of it. In 1829 he was elected professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh. He was famous then, as he still is, for the delightful essays printed under his pen-name, "Christopher North." He published two volumes of poems. Some of these yet adorn our familiar literature.

He died April 3, 1854.



[The scene of the following narrative is a Scottish mountain. Two young cousins, Flora MacDonald and Ronald Cameron, have gone thither on their birthday — which was the same. The morning had been beautiful, but these children have now been overwhelmed in a sudden snowstorm.]

All at once, without speaking a word, Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child.

Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off; whether or not they had any roof he had forgotten; but the thought even of such a shelter seemed a thought of salvation.

There it was — a snowdrift at the opening that had once been a door, snow up the holes once windows; the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel; the snowflakes were falling in as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as by sheep; and, carrying his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that, all huddled together, looked on him as their shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All color, all motion, all breath seemed to be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive.

The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine branches had been flung, as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather — some pine branches left by the woodcutters, who had felled the yew trees that once stood at the very head of the glen.

Into that corner the snowdrift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her, who was as cold as a corpse.

The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive, miserable as

it was with the mire-mixed snow, and almost as cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive, and, under the half-open lids, the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon — nightlike though it was — and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt the kisses he dropped on them to drive death away.

“Oh! father, go seek for Ronald, for I dreamt to-night that he was perishing in the snow.”

“Flora, fear not — God is with us.”

“Wild swans, they say, come to Loch Phoil. Let us go, Ronald, and see them; but no rifle — for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?”

Over them, where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight; but there it still hung, though the drift came over their feet, and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upward to be their shroud.

“Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me — and what noise is this in our house?”

“Fear not, fear not, Flora — God is with us.”

“Mother! I am lying in your arms! My father surely is not in the storm. Oh, I have had a most dreadful dream!”

And with such mutterings as these Flora again relapsed into that perilous sleep, which soon becomes that of death. Night itself came, but Flora and

Ronald knew it not; and both lay motionless in one snow shroud.

Bright was the fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glencoe; and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this — the birthday of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Ronald were with them in their prayers.

No warning came to their ears in the sough or the howl; for it is fear that creates its own ghosts, and all its ghostlike visitings; and they had seen their Flora, in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the mountains like a fawn to play.

Sometimes too, Love, who starts at shadows as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to realities that might well inspire dismay. So it was now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran.

Their Ronald had left them in the morning; night had come, and he and Flora were not there. But the day had been almost like a summer day, and in their infatuation they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glencoe. Ronald had laughingly said that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back Flora to them on her birthday, and — strange though it afterward seemed to her to be — that belief prevented one single fear from

touching his mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in untroubled sleep. . . .

But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's-house, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart in regions where the traveler sees no symptoms of human life.

Down through the long cliff pass of Mealanumy, toward the lone House of Dalness, that lies in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength, and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal, the Red Reaver, with his head aloft on the lookout for deer, grimly eyeing the corrie where last he tasted blood.

All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm — and hark! you hear the bagpipe play the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the owrie cattle,
And silly sheep;"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night, — for the snow will sweep the moon out of heaven, — up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves; and now, at midfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old grove of pines.

Following their dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep dogs so — and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by!

Not dead — nor dead is she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both is frozen; and will the red blood in their veins ever again be thawed?

Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin; and the frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Ronald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death.

Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Ronald, as if he would restore life to his eyes.

Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids, how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learned it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body, yet living, of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a clan he was worthy to be the chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen ; nor could they have heard each others' voices had they spoken ; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to strong hand, thinking of the hut in Glencoe, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or the dead. . . .

This saving band had no fear ; therefore there was no danger on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains, shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow, at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall.

The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now ; and then the dogs, in their instinct, were guides that erred not ; and, as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glencoe.

He led the way as if he were in moonlight ; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were — stones or logs ; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild fowl feed. And thus instinct, and reason, and faith conducted the saving band along — and now they are at Glencoe, and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead ; and there at midnight they sat up like ghosts. Strange seemed they for a while to each other's eyes, and at each other

they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then, as if in holy fear, they gazed in each other's faces, thinking they had awoke together in heaven.

"Flora!" said Ronald, — and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance.

Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees; and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them; but she was as powerless as a broken reed; and when she thought to join them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut, and one or two of the fathers were not ashamed to weep.

JOHN WILSON.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above;
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE ROCK AND THE CANDLE.

JEAN INGELOW (In'jě lō) was born in Boston, England, in 1830. Her first book of verse was published anonymously in 1850. She is the author of several books of fiction, of which "Off the Skelligs" is, perhaps, the most widely known. She wrote also a number of attractive stories for children. Her verse is musical in movement and it reveals oftentimes a deeply religious spirit. Among her minor poems is the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." It is a vivid and thrilling picture.

She died in London, July 20, 1897.



The first sail in a boat was a pleasure which can never be forgotten. It was a still afternoon when we stepped into that boat — so still that we had oars as well as the flapping sail. I had wished to row out to sea as far as the rock, and now I was to have my wish.

On and on we went, looking by turns into the various clefts and caverns ; at last we stood out into the middle of the bay, and very soon we had left the cliffs altogether behind.

We went out into the open sea, but still the rock was far before us ; it became taller, larger, and more important, but yet it presented the same outline, and precisely the same aspect, when, after another half hour's rowing, we drew near it, and I could hear the water lapping against its inhospitable sides.

The men rested on their oars, and allowed the boat to drift downwards towards it. There it stood, high, lonely, inaccessible. I looked up; there was scarcely a crevice where a sea fowl could have built; not a level slip large enough for human foot to stand upon, nor projection for hand of a drowning man to seize upon.

Shipwreck and death it had often caused; it was the dread and scourge of the bay, but it yielded no shelter nor food for beast or bird; not a blade of grass waved there; nothing stood there.

We rowed several times round it, and every moment I became more impressed with its peculiar character and situation, so completely aloof from everything else; even another rock as hard and black as itself, standing near it, would have been apparent companionship. If one goat had fed there, if one sea bird had nestled there, if one rope of tangled seaweed had rooted there, and floated out on the surging water to meet the swimmer's hand — but no; I looked, and there was not one.

The water washed up against it, and it flung back the water; the wind blew against it, and it would not echo the wind; its very shadow was useless, for it dropped upon nothing that wanted shade. By day the fisherman looked at it only to steer clear of it; and by night, if he struck against it he went down. Hard, dreary, bleak! I looked at it as we floated slowly towards home; there it stood rearing

up its desolate head, a forcible image, and a true one, of a thoroughly selfish, a thoroughly unfeeling and isolated human heart.

Now let us go back a long time, and talk about things which happened before we were born. I do not mean centuries ago, when the sea kings, in their voyages plundering that coast, drove by night upon the rock and went down. . . .

I am not going to tell of the many fishing boats which went out and were seen no more; of the many brave men that hard by that fatal place went under the surging water; of the many toiling rowers that made, as they thought, straight for home, and struck, and had time for only one cry, — ‘The Rock! the Rock!’

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman’s hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning wheel, and looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing — her father’s boat! and half a mile from his cottage, her father’s body was washed up on the shore. . . .

She watched her father’s body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a

beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snowstorms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle. . . .

Fifty years of life and labor — fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine — fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle!

But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the “midnight oil” consumed during the last half century so worthily deserves the trimming. Happy woman — and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise!

JEAN INGELOW.

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